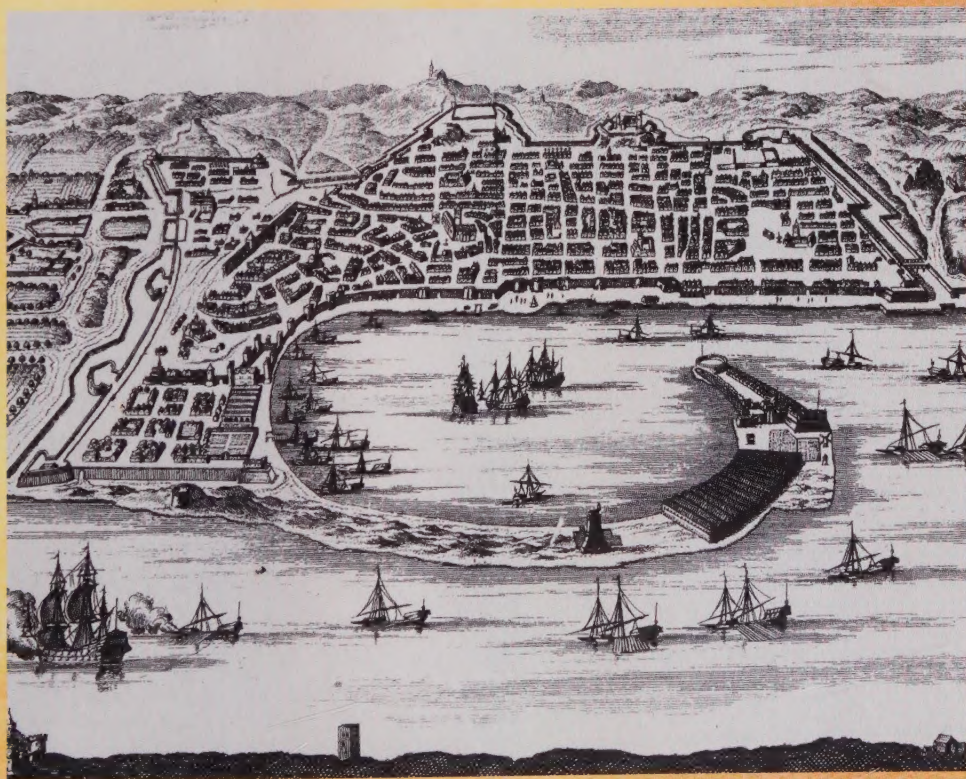



Letters written by a Peruvian princess. Translated from the French.

Mme de Grafigny





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Mme de Grafigny

Letters written by a Peruvian princess. Translated from the French.

Graigny, Mme de (Françoise d'Issembourg d'Happoncourt)

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A translation of Mme de Graigny's 'Lettres d'une Péruvienne'.

Dublin : printed by S. Powell, for Thomas Moore, 1748.

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LETTERS

Written by a *Molyneux*

Peruvian PRINCESS.

Translated from the *FRENCH*.



D U B L I N :

Printed by S POWELL,
For THOMAS MOORE at *Erasmus's - Head*
in *Dame-street*, Bookfeller.

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ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE

French EDITOR.

IF truth, when it strays from probability, usually loses its credit in the eye of reason, it is for a short time only; but, let it contradict prejudice ever so little, and seldom shall it find grace before that tribunal.

What then ought not the editor of this work to fear, in presenting to the public the letters of a young *Peruvian*, whose style and thoughts so little agree with the mean idea which an unjust prejudice has caused us to form of her nation?

Enriched by the precious spoils of *Peru*, we ought, at least, to regard the inhabitants of that part of the world as a magnificent people, and the sentiment of respect is not very remote from the idea of magnificence.

But so prejudiced are we always in our own favour, that we rate the merit of other nations not only in proportion as their man-

ners imitate ours, but in proportion as their tongues approach nearer to our Idiom. *How can one be a Persian ? **

We despise the *Indians*, and hardly grant a thinking soul to those unhappy people : yet their history is in every one's hands, and abounds with monuments of the sagacity of their minds, and the solidity of their philosophy.

The apologist of humanity and of beautiful nature has traced the out-lines of the *Indian* manners in a dramatic poem, the subject of which divides the glory with the execution.

With so much light given us into the characters of these people, there should seem no room to fear that original letters, which only exhibit what we already know of the lively and natural wit of the *Indians*, are in danger of passing for a fiction. But, hath prejudice any eyes ? There is no security against its judgment, and we should have been careful not to submit this work to it, if its empire had been without bounds

It seems needless to give notice, that the
first

* The translator apprehends this Sentence to be a satirical repetition after some other *French* author. There were a few strokes marked in the same manner in one or two of the letters, which he did not take notice of, as he supposed they would be unintelligible to the *English* reader

first letters of *Zilia* were translated by herself every one must easily judge, that, being composed in a language, and traced in a manner equally unknown to us, this collection could never have reached us, if the same hand had not writ them in our tongue.

We owe this translation to *Zilia's* leisure in her retreat : her complaisance in communicating them to the chevalier *Deterville*, and the permission he at last obtained to keep them, were the means that conveyed them into our hands

It will easily be seen, by the faults of grammar and negligence of stile, that we have been scrupulously careful not to take away any thing of the genuine spirit that reigns in this work. We have been content with suppressing (especially in the first letters) a great number of *Oriental* * terms and comparisons, which escaped *Zilia*, though she knew the *French* tongue perfectly well when she translated them : we have only left so many of them as may shew the necessity of retrenching the rest.

We thought it possible also to give a more intelligible turn to certain mataphysical strokes, which might have appeared ob-

A 3 scure ;

* The *French* editor here uses *Oriental* for *lofty* and *swelling*, though the *Peruvians*, with respect to us, are certainly an *Occidental* people.

fcure ; but this we have done without changing the thought itself. This is the only part that the editor has had in this singular work.

* * The translator begs leave just to add, that, as he went through his task with peculiar pleasure, he hopes he has done justice to a work which he looks upon to have great beauty in the original. The *Peruvian* character, as far as we know it from history, joined to that of good sense, obstinate virtue, tender sentiments, and unchangeable affections, cannot be more strongly and naturally painted than in the letters of *Zilia* ; nor do we often see the progress of the human mind so correctly and expressively drawn as in these letters.

L E T-



LETTERS

Written by a

PERUVIAN LADY.

LETTER I.



Z A' my dear *Aza'* the cries of thy tender *Zilia*, like a morning vapour, exhale and are dissipated before they arrive in thy presence, in vain I call thee to my succour, in vain I expect thy love to come, and break the chains of my slavery alas! perhaps the misfortunes I am ignorant of are the most terrible! perhaps thy woes surpass even mine

The city of the sun, delivered to the fury of a barbarous nation, should make my eyes o'erflow with tears but my grief, my fears, my despair, are for thee alone

Dear soul of my life, what didst thou in that frightful tumult? Was thy courage fatal or useless to thee?

Cruel alternative ! mortal inquietude ! O my dear *Aza*, may'st thou yet live in safety, and may I sink, if it be needful, under the ills that oppress me

Since the terrible moment (which should have been snatch'd out of the chain of time, and replunged into the eternal ideas) since the moment of horror wherein these impious savages bore me away from the worship of the Sun, from myself, from thy love ; retained in strait captivity, deprived of all communication, ignorant of the language of these fierce men, I experience only the effects of misfortune, without being able to discover the cause of it Plung'd in an abyss of obscurity, my days resemble the most dreadful nights

Far from being affected with my complaints, my ravishers are not touch'd even with my tears, equally deaf to my language, and to the cries of my despair.

What people are there so savage, as to be unmov'd at the signs of anguish ? What dreary desert could produce human beings, insensible to the voice of groaning nature ? O the barbarians, savage masters of the thunder*, and of the power to exterminate ; cruelty is the sole guide of their actions *Aza* ! how wilt thou escape their fury ? Where art thou ? In what situation ? If my life is dear to thee, inform me of thy destiny.

Alas ! how is mine changed. Whence can it be, that days, in themselves so like one another, should, with respect to me, have such fatal differences ? Time rolls on, darkness succeeds light, nothing in nature appears out of place · and I, but now supremely happy, lo I am fallen into the horror of despair ; nor was there an interval to prepare me for this fearful passage

Thou knowest, O delight of my heart, that on that terrible day, that day for ever dreadful, the triumph of our union was to have shone forth Scarce did it begin to appear, when, impatient to execute a project

* Alluding to the Cannon

ject which my tenderness had inspired me with in the night, I ran to my *Quipos* *, and, taking advantage of the silence which then reign'd in the temple, hasten'd to my knotting, in hopes that by their assistance I might render immortal the history of our love and our felicity.

As I proceeded in my work, the undertaking appeared to me less difficult ; the clue of innumerable threads, by degrees, grew under my fingers a faithful painting of our actions and our sentiments, as 'twas heretofore the interpreter of our thoughts during the long intervals of our absence from each other. Wholly taken up with my employment, I forgot how time passed, when a confused noise awaken'd my spirits, and made my heart beat. I thought the happy moment was arrived, and that the hundred gates † were opening to give a free passage to the sun of my days : precipitately I hid my *Quipos* under a lappet of my robe, and ran to meet thee.

But how horrible was the spectacle that appeared before my eyes ? The fearful idea of it will never be effaced out of my memory.

The pavement of the temple stained with blood ; the image of the Sun trodden under foot ; our affrighted virgins flying before a troop of furious soldiers, who massacred all that opposed their passage, our *Mamas* ‡ expiring under their wounds, their garments still burning with the fire of the thunder ; the
groans

* A great number of strings of different colours, which the *Indians* use, for want of writing, in accounting the pay of their troops, and the number of their people. Some Authors pretend, that they make use of them also to transmit to posterity the memorable actions of their *Incas*.

† In the temple of the Sun were a hundred gates, which the *Inca* only had power to have opened.

‡ A kind of Governantes over the virgins of the sun.

groans of dismay, the cries of rage, spreading dread and horror on every side, brought me at last to a sense of my misery.

Being returned to myself, I found that by a natural, and almost involuntary motion I was got behind the altar, which I embraced. There I saw the barbarians pass by. I did not dare to give free passage to my panting breath, for fear it should cost me my life. I remarked, however, that the effects of their cruelty abated at the sight of the precious ornaments that overspread the temple, that they seized those whose lustre struck them most feelingly, and that they even plucked off the plates of gold that lined the walls. I judged that theft was the motive of their barbarity, and that, to avoid death, my only way was to conceal myself from their sight. I designed to have got out of the temple, to have been conducted to thy palace, to have demanded of the *Capa Inca* * succours, and an asylum for my companions and me. but no sooner did I attempt to stir, but I was arrested. Oh my dear *Aza* ' then did I tremble ' these impious dared to lay their hands upon the daughter of the Sun.

Torn from the sacred abode, dragg'd ignominiously out of the temple, I saw for the first time the threshold of the celestial gate, which I ought not have passed but with the ensigns of royalty †. Instead of the flowers which should have been strewed under my feet, I saw the ways covered with blood and carnage. instead of the honours of the throne, which I was to have been partaker of with thee, a slave under the laws of tyranny, shut up in an obscure prison, the place that I occupy in the universe is bounded by the extent of my being. A mat, bathed with tears,
receives

* The general name of the reigning *Incas*.

† The virgins consecrated to the Sun entered the temple almost as soon as born, and never came out till the day of their marriage.

receives my body fatigued by the torments of my soul But, dear support of my life, how light will all these evils be to me, if I can but learn that thou breathest ?

In the midst of this horrible desolation, I know not by what happy chance I have preserved my *Quipos*. I have them in possession, my dear *Aza* ; they are the treasure of my heart, as they serve to interpret both thy love and mine the same knots which shall inform thee of my existence, changing their form under thy hands, will instruct me also in thy destiny Alas ! by what way shall I convey them to thee ? By what address can they be restor'd to me again ? I am ignorant at present : but the same understanding, which taught us their use, will suggest to us the means to deceive our tyrants. Whoever the faithful *Chacui* * may be that shall bring thee this precious deposit, I shall envy his happiness He will see thee, my dear *Aza* ; and I would give all the days allotted me by the Sun to enjoy thy presence one moment

L E T T E R II.

MAY the tree of virtue, my dear *Aza*, for ever spread its shadow over the pious citizen who received under my window the mysterious tiffue of my thoughts, and delivered it into thy hands. May *Pacha-Camac* † prolong his years, as the recompence of his address in conveying to me divine pleasures with thy answer.

The treasures of love are open to me , I draw from thence a delicious joy that inebriates my soul While I unravel the secrets of thy heart, my own bathes it self in a sea of perfumes Thou livest, and the chains that were to unite us are not broken. So much felicity

* Messenger

† The Creator God, more powerful than the Sun.

city was the object of my desires, but not of my hopes.

Whilst I abandoned all thought of myself, my fears for thee deprived me of all pleasure. Thou restorest to me all that I had lost. I taste long draughts of the sweet satisfaction of pleasing thee, of being praised by thee, of being approved by him I love. But, dear *Aza*, while I swim in these delights, I do not forget that I owe to thee what I am. As the rose draws his brilliant colours from the rays of the sun, so the charms which please thee in my spirit and sentiments are the benefits of thy luminous genius; nothing is mine, but my tenderness.

If thou hadst been an ordinary man, I had remained in that nothingness, to which my sex is condemned, but thou, not the slave of custom, hast broken the barrier, in order to elevate me to thyself. Thou didst not suffer a being like thy own to be confined to the humble advantage of only giving life to thy posterity. It was thy pleasure that our divine *Amutas* * should adorn my understanding with their sublime intelligences. But O light of my life, could I have resolved to abandon my tranquil ignorance, and engage in the painful occupation of study, had it not been for the desire of pleasing thee? Without a desire to merit thy esteem, thy confidence, thy respect, by virtues which fortify love, and which love renders voluptuous, I had been only the object of thy eyes; absence would already have effaced me out of thy remembrance.

But, alas! if thou lovest me still, why am I in slavery? Casting a look upon the walls of my prison, my joy disappears, horror seizes me, and my fears are renew'd. They have not robbed thee of liberty, yet thou comest not to my succour. Thou hast been informed of my situation, and it is not changed. No, my dear *Aza*, among those savage people, whom thou callest *Spaniards*, thou art not so free as thou imaginest

* *Indian Philosophers.*

imaginest thyself I behold as many signs of slavery in the honours which they render thee, as in my own captivity

Thy goodness seduces thee, thou thinkest the promises, which those barbarians make thee by their interpreters, sincere, because thy own words are inviolable, but I, who understand not their language, whom they think not worthy to be deceived, behold their actions

Thy subjects take them for gods, and join their party O my dear *Aza*, wretched the people who are determined by fear! Exhilarate thyself from thy error, and suspect the false goodness of these foreigners Abandon thy empire, since the *Inca Viracocha* * has predicted its destruction

Redeem thy life and thy liberty at the price of thy power, thy grandeur, and thy treasures the gifts of nature alone will then remain to thee, and our days shall pass in safety

Rich in the possession of our hearts, great by our virtues, powerful by our moderation, we shall in a cottage enjoy the heaven, the earth, and our mutual tenderness

Thou wilt be more a king in reigning over my soul, than in doubting of the affection of a people without number my submission to thy will shall cause thee to enjoy, without tyranny, the undisputed right of commanding While I obey thee, I will make thy empire resound with my joyous songs, thy diadem † shall be always the work of my hands, and thou shalt lose nothing of royalty but the cares and fatigues.

How

* *Viracocha* was looked upon as a God, and the *Indians* firmly believe that at his death he predicted that the *Spaniards* should dethrone one of his descendants

† The diadem of the *Incas* was a kind of fringe wrought by the virgins of the Sun.

How often, dear soul of my life, hast thou complained of the duties of thy rank ? How have the ceremonies, which accompanied thy visits, made thee envy the lot of thy subjects ? Thy wish was, to live for me only art thou now afraid to lose so many constraints ? Shall I be no more that *Zilia*, whom thou preferred'st to thy empire ? I cannot entertain the thought my heart is not changed, and why should there be a change in thine ?

I love, the same *Aza* who reign'd in my heart the first moment I saw him, is for ever before me continually do my thoughts recall that happy day, when thy father, my sovereign lord, gave thee for the first time a share of that power, reserved for him only, of entering the inner part of the temple * Fancy 'till figures to me the agreeable spectacle of our virgins, who, being there assembled, received a new lustre from the admirable order that reigns among them. so in a garden we see the arrangement of the finest flowers add a brilliancy to their beauty

Thou appeared'st in the midst of us like a rising sun, whose tender light prepares the serenity of a fine day the fire of thy eyes overspread our cheeks with the blushes of modesty, and our looks were held captive in sweet confusion thy eyes, at the same time, shot forth a brilliant joy, for never before had they met so many beauties together The *Capa-Inca* was the only man we had till then seen Astonishment and silence reigned on every side I know not what were the thoughts of my companions but the sentiments that attack'd my own heart who can express ? For the first time I had the united sense of trouble, inquietude, and pleasure Confused with the agitations of my soul, I was going to hide myself from thy sight but thou turned'st thy steps towards me, and I was retained by respect O my dear *Aza*, the remembrance
of

* The reigning *Inca* alone has a right to enter into the temple of the Sun.

of this first moment of my happiness will be always dear to me. The sound of thy voice, like the melodious chanting of our hymns, convey'd into my veins that soft tremor, and holy respect, which is inspired by the presence of the divinity.

Trembling, dismay'd, my timidity had taken from me even the use of my speech but, embolden'd at last by the softness of thy words, I dared to lift up my looks towards thee, and meet thine. No, death itself shall never efface from my memory the tender movements of our souls at this meeting, and how in an instant they were blended together.

If we could doubt of our original, my dear *Aza*, this glance of light would have destroy'd our uncertainty. What other principle, but that of fire, could have transmitted betwixt us this lively intelligence of hearts, which was communicated, spread and felt with an inexplicable rapidity?

I was too ignorant of the effects of love, not to be deceived by it. With an imagination full of the sublime theology of our *Cucipatas**, I took the fire which animated me for a divine agitation, I thought the Sun had manifested to me his will by thee his organ, that he chose me for his selected spouse! I sigh'd in rapture; —but after thy departure, examining my heart, I found there nothing but thy image.

What a change, my dear *Aza*, did thy presence make in me! All objects appeared to me new, and it seemed as if I now saw my fellow virgins the first time. How did their beauty brighten! I could not bear their presence, but, retiring aside, gave way to the anxiety of my soul, when one of them came to waken me out of my reverie, by giving me fresh matter to heighten it. She informed me, that, being thy nearest relation, I was destined to be thy wife as soon as my age would permit that union.

I was ignorant of the laws of thy empire †; but,
after

* Priests of the Sun

† The laws of the *Indians* obliged the *Incas* to marry

after I had seen thee, my heart was too much enlightened not to have the idea of happiness in an union with thee. Far however, from knowing the whole extent of this union, and accustomed to the sacred name of spouse of the Sun, my hopes were bounded to the seeing of thee daily, the adoring of thee, and offering my vows to thee, as to that divinity

Thou, my amiable *Aza*, thou thyself filled'st up the measure of my delight, by informing me that the august rank of thy wife would associate me to thy heart, to thy throne, to thy glory, to thy virtues, that I should incessantly enjoy those so precious conversations, those conversations so short in proportion to our desires, which would adorn my mind with the perfections of thy soul, and add to my felicity the delicious hope of being hereafter a happiness to thee

O my dear *Aza*, how flattering to my heart was that impatience of thine, so often expressed on account of my youth, which retarded our union ! How long did the course of two years appear to thee, and yet how short was their duration ! Alas ! the fortunate moment was arrived ! What fatality rendered it so woeful ? What God was it who punished innocence and virtue in this manner ? or, what infernal power separated us from ourselves ? Horror seizes me, — my heart is rent, — my tears bedew my work *Aza ! my dear Aza !*

L E T T E R III

IT is thou, dear light of my life, it is thou who callest me back to life Would I preserve it, if I was not sure that death, by a single stroke, would mow down thy days and mine ? I touched the moment

marry their sisters, and, when they had none, to take the first princess of the blood of the *Incas* that was a virgin of the Sun.

moment in which the spark of divine fire wherewith the Sun animates our being, was going to expire. Laborious nature was already preparing to give another form to that portion of matter which belong'd to her in me I was dying, thou wast losing for ever half of thyself, when my love restored my life, which I now sacrifice to thee But how can I inform thee of the surprizing things that have happened to me? How shall I call back ideas that were confus'd even when I received them, and which the time that is since pass'd renders still less intelligible?

Scarcely, my dear *Aza*, had I entrusted our faithful *Chaqui* with the last issue of my thoughts, when I heard a great motion in our habitation about midnight two of my ravishers came to hurry me out of my gloomy retreat, with as much violence as they had employ'd in snatching me from the temple of the Sun

'Tho' the night was very dark, they made me travel to far, that sinking under the fatigue, they were oblig'd to carry me into a house, which I could perceive, notwithstanding the obscurity, it was exceeding difficult to get to

I was thrust into a place more strait and inconvenient than my prison had been Ah, my dear *Aza*! could I persuade thee of what I do not comprehend myself, if thou wert not assured that a lye never sullied the lips of a child of the Sun? *.

This house, which I judg'd to be very great by the quantity of people it contained, was not fix'd to the ground, but being as it were suspended, kept in a continual balancing motion

O light of my mind, *Ticciuracocha* should have fill'd my soul like thine with his divine science, to have enabled me to comprehend this prodigy All that I know of it is, that this dwelling was not built by a being friendly to mankind for some moments

B

after

* It passes for certain that no *Pezavian* ever lied.

after I had entered it, the continual motion of it, join'd to a noxious smell, made me so violently ill, that I am surprized I did not die of the malady This was the beginning only of my pains

A pretty long time passed, and I had no considerable suffering, when one morning I was frighted out of sleep by a noise more hideous than that of *Yalpa*. Our habitation received such shocks as the earth will experience, when the moon by her fall shall reduce the universe to dust *. The cries of human voices, join'd to this wild uproar, render'd it still more frightful. My senses, seized with a secret horror, conveyed to my soul nothing but the idea of destruction, not of myself only, but of whole nature. I thought the peril universal, I trembled for thy life. my dread grew at last to the utmost excess, when I saw a company of men in fury, with bloody countenances and cloaths, rush tumultuously into my chamber. I could not support the terrible spectacle, my Strength and understanding left me. still am I ignorant of the consequence of this terrible event. But when I recovered, I found myself in a pretty handsome bed, surrounded by several savages, who were not, however, any of the cruel *Spaniards*.

Canst thou imagine to thyself my surprize, when I found myself in a new dwelling, among new men, without being able to comprehend how this change could be brought about? I shut my eyes, the better to recollect myself, and be assured whether I was a live, or whether my soul had not quitted my body to pass into unknown regions †

I confess to thee, dear idol of my heart, that fatigued with an odious life, dishearten'd at suffering
torment s

* The *Indians* believe that the end of the world will be brought about by the fall of the moon upon the earth

† The *Indians* believe that the soul, after death, goes into unknown places, to be there recompensed or punished according to its deserts.

torments of every kind, press'd down under the weight of my horrible destiny, I regarded with indifference the end of my being which I felt approaching I constantly refused all the sustenance that was offered me, and in a few days was on the verge of the fatal term, which I perceived without regret

The decay of my strength annihilated my sentiment already my enfeebled imagination received no images but like those of a slight design traced by a trembling hand already the objects which had most affected me, excited in me only that vague sensation which we feel when we indulge to an indeterminate reverie almost I was no more This state, my dear *Aza*, is not so uneasy as it is thought At a distance it frightens us because we think of it with all our powers when it is arrived, enfeebled by the gradations of pain which conduct us to it, the decisive moment appears only as the moment of repose A natural propensity which carries us towards futurity, even that futurity which will never exist for us, reanimated my spirit, and transported it into thy palace I thought I arrived there at the instant when thou hadst received the news of my death I represented to myself thy pale disfigured image, such as a lily appears when scorched by the burning heat of noon Is the most tender love then sometimes barbarous? I rejoiced at thy grief and excited it by sorrowful adieus I found a sweetness, perhaps a pleasure, in diffusing the poison of regret over thy days, and the same love which render'd me cruel, tore my heart by the horror of thy pains At last, awaken'd as from a profound sleep, penetrated with thy agony, trembling for thy life, I called for help, and again beheld the light.

Shall I see thee again, thee the dear arbiter of my existence? Alas! who can assure me of it I know not where I am? perhaps it is far distant from thee! But should we be separated by the immense spaces inhabited by the children of the Sun, the light cloud of my thoughts shall never incessantly about thee

L E T T E R IV.

W H A T E V E R the love of Life be, my dear *Liza*, pains diminish, despair extinguishes it. The contempt in which nature seems to hold our being, by abandoning it to despair, shocks us at first: afterwards, the impossibility of working our deliverance proves such an humbling circumstance, that it leads us to a disgust of ourselves

I live no longer in, nor for myself, every instant in which I breathe, is a sacrifice which I make to thy love, and from day to day it becomes more painful. If time brings some solace to the ills that consume me, far from clearing up my fortune, it seems to render it more obscure. All that surrounds me is unknown, all is new, all engages my curiosity, and nothing can satisfy it. In vain I employ my attention and efforts to understand or be understood, both are equally impossible to me. Worned with so many fruitless pains, I thought to dry up the source of them, by depriving my eyes of the impressions they receive from objects. I persisted for some time in keeping them shut, but the voluntary darkness, to which I condemned myself, served only to relieve my modesty offended continually at the presence of these men, whose services and kindnesses are so many torments, my soul was not the less agitated. Shut up in myself, my inquietudes were not the less sharp, and the desire to express them was the more violent. On the other hand, the impossibility of making myself understood, spread an anguish over my organs, which is not less insupportable than the pains which a more apparent reality would cause. How cruel is this situation?

Alas! I thought I had begun to understand some words of the savage *Spaniards*, I found some agreement with our august language, I flattered myself that in a short time I should come to explain myself
with

with them. Far from finding the same advantage among my new tyrants, they express themselves with so much rapidity that I cannot even distinguish the inflexions of their voice. All circumstances make me judge that they are not of the same nation, and by the difference of their manners and apparent character, one easily divines that *Pachacamac* has distributed to them in great disproportion the elements which he formed human kind. The grave and fierce air of the first shews that they are composed of the matter of the hardest metals: they seem to have slip'd out of the hands of the creator the moment he had collected together only air and fire for their formation. The scornful eyes, the gloomy and tranquil mien of the former, shewed sufficiently that they were cruel in cold blood, which the inhumanity of their actions has too well proved. The smiling countenance of the latter, the sweetness of their looks, a certain haste in all their actions, which seems to be a haste of good will, prevents me in their favour; but I remark contradictions in their conduct, which suspends my judgment.

Two of these savages seldom quit the sides of my bed: one, which I guess to be the *Cacique* * by his air of Grandeur, seems to shew me, in his way, a great deal of respect: the other gives me part of the assistance which my malady requires, but his goodness is severe, his succours are cruel, and his familiarity imperious.

The moment when, recovered from my fit, I found myself in their Power, this latter (for I have observed him well) more bold than the rest, would take me by the hand, which I drew away with inexpressible confusion. He seemed to be surprized at my resistance, and without any regard to my modesty, took hold of it again immediately. Feeble, dying, and speaking only such words as were not understood, could I hinder him? He held it, my dear *Aza*, as long as he
thought

* *Cacique* is a kind of Governor of a Province.

thought proper ; and since that time, I am obliged to give it him myself several times every day, in order to avoid such disputes as always turn to my disadvantage.

This kind of ceremony * seems to me a superstition of these people they imagine they find something there which indicates the nature of a distemper, but it must doubtless be their own nation that feel the effects of it for I perceive none, I suffer continually by an inward fire that consumes me, and have scarce strength enough left to knot my *Quipo*. In this occupation I employ as much time as my weakness will permit me the knots which strike my senses, seem to give more reality to my thoughts the kind of resemblance which I imagine they have with words, causes an illusion which deceives my pain I think I speak to thee, tell thee of my love, assure thee of my vows and my tenderness the sweet error is my support, and my life If the excess of my burthen obliges me to interrupt my work, I groan at thy absence Given up thus entirely to my tenderness, there is not one of my moments which belongs not to thee

Alas ! what other use can I make of them ? O my dear *Aza* ! if thou wert not the master of my soul, if the chains of love did not bind me inseparably to thee ; plunged in an abyss of obscurity, could I turn my thoughts away from the light of my life ? Thou art the sun of my days, thou enlightenest them, thou prolongest them and they are thine Thou cherishest me, and I suffer myself to live What wilt thou do for me ? Thou lovest me, and I have my reward

L E T T E R V.

WHAT have I suffered, my dear *Aza*, since I consecrated to thee my last knots ! The loss of my *Quipo* was yet wanting to complicate my pains but when my cruel persecutors perceived that work
to

* The *Luzus* have no knowledge of physic.

to augment my disorder, they deprived me of the use of them

At last they have restored to me the treasure of my tenderness, but with many tears did I purchase it. Only this expression of my sentiments had I remaining, the mere sorrowful consolation of painting my grief to thee and could I lose it, and not despair?

My strange destiny has snatched from me even the relief which the unhappy find in speaking of their pains. One is apt to think there is pity when one is heard, and from the participation of sorrow arises some comfort. I cannot make myself understood, and am surrounded with gaiety.

I cannot even enjoy that new kind of entertainment to which the inability of communicating my thoughts reduces me. Environ'd with importunate persons, whose attentive looks disturb the solicitude of my soul, I forget the fairest present which nature has made us, the power to render our ideas impenetrable without the concurrence of our will. I am sometimes afraid that these curious savages discover the disadvantageous reflexions with which I am inspired by the oddness of their conduct.

One moment destroys the opinion which another had given me of their character. for if I am sway'd by the frequent opposition of their wills to mine, I cannot doubt but they believe me their slave, and that their power is tyrannical.

Not to reckon up an infinite number of other contradictions, they refuse me, my dear *Aza*, even the necessary aliments for the sustenance of life; and the liberty of chusing what place I would lie in. they keep me, by a kind of violence, in the bed which is become insupportable to me.

On the other side, if I reflect on the extreme concern they have shown for the preservation of my days, and the respect with which the services they render me are accompanied, I am tempted to believe that they take me for a species superior to humankind.

Not

Not one of them appears before me without bending his body more or less, as we used to do in worshipping the Sun. The *Cacique* seems to attempt to imitate the ceremonial of the *Incas* on the days of *Raymi* *: he kneels down very nigh my bed-side, and continues a considerable time in that painful posture. Sometimes he keeps silent, and, with his eyes cast down, seems to think profoundly. I see in his countenance that respectful confusion which the great name † inspires us with when spoken aloud. If he finds an opportunity of taking hold of my hand, he puts his mouth to it with the same veneration that we have for the sacred diadem ‡. Sometimes he utters a great number of words, which are not at all like the ordinary language of his nation: the sound of them is more soft, more distinct, and more harmonious. He joins to this that air of concern which is the fore-runner of tears, those sighs which express the necessities of the soul, the most plaintive action, and all that usually accompanies the desire of attaining favours! Alas! my dear *Aza*, if he knew me well, if he was not in some error with regard to my being, what prayer could he have to address to me?

Must they not be an idolatrous nation? I have not yet seen any adoration paid by them to the Sun. perhaps they make women the object of their worship. Before the great *Manco-Capac* § brought down to earth the will of the Sun, our ancestors desired what-
ever

* The *Raymi* was the principal feast of the Sun when the *Incas* and Priests adored him on their knees.

† The great name was *Pachacomac*, which they spoke but seldom, and always with great signs of adoration.

‡ They kissed the diadem of *Mancocapac* in the same manner as the Roman Catholics kiss the relics of their saints.

§ The first Legislator of the *Indians*. See the history of the *Incas*.

ever struck them with dread or pleasure perhaps these savages feel these two sentiments with regard to women

But, if they adored me, would they add to my misfortunes the hideous constraint in which they keep me? No, they would endeavour to please me, they would obey the tokens of my will I should be free, and released from this odious habitation I should go in search of the master of my soul, one of whose looks would efface the memory of all these misfortunes.

L E T T E R VI.

WHAT an horrible surprize, my dear *Aza*! how are our woes augmented! how deplorable is our condition! our evils are without remedy I have only to tell thee of them, and to die

At last they have permitted me to get up, and with haste I availed myself of the liberty I drew myself to a small window, which I opened with all the precipitation that my curiosity inspired What did I see? Dear love of my life, I shall not find expressions to paint the excess of my astonishment, and the mortal despair that seized me, when I discovered round me nothing but that terrible element, the very sight of which makes me tremble.

My first glance did but too well inform me what occasioned the troublesome motion of our dwelling. I am in one of those floating houses which the *Spaniards* made use of to arrive at our unhappy countries, and of which a very imperfect description had been given me

Conceive, dear *Aza*, what dismal ideas entered my soul with this fatal knowledge I am certain that they are carrying me from thee I breathe no more the same air, nor do I inhabit the same element Thou wilt ever be ignorant where I am, whether I love thee, whether I exist, even the destruction of my being

will not appear an event considerable enough to be carried to thee. Dear arbiter of my days, of what value will my life be to thee hereafter ? Permit me to render to the divinity an insupportable benefit, which I can no more enjoy I shall not see thee again, and I will live no longer.

In losing what I love, the universe is annihilated to me it is now nothing but a vast desert, which I fill with the cries of my love. Hear them, dear object of my tenderness, be touched with them, and suffer me to die.

What error seduces me ? My dear *Aza*, it is not thou that makest me live it is timid nature, which shuddering with horror, lends this voice, more powerful than its own, to retard an end which to her is always formidable, —but 'tis over, —the most ready means shall deliver me from her regrets ———

Let the sea for ever swallow up in its waves my unhappy tenderness, my life, and my despair. ———

Receive, most unfortunate *Aza*, receive the last sentiments of my heart, which never admitted but thy image, was willing to live but for thee, and dies full of thy love. I love thee, I think it, I feel it still, and I tell it thee for the last time ———

L E T T E R VII

A *Z A*, thou hast not lost all I breathe, and thou reignest still in one heart The vigilance of those who watch me defeated my fatal design, and I have only the shame left of having attempted its execution. It would be too long to inform thee of the circumstances of an enterprize destroy'd as soon as projected Should I have dared ever to lift up my eyes to thee, if thou hadst been a witness of my passion ?

My reason, subjected to despair, was no longer a succour to me my life seemed to be worth nothing . I had forgot thy love

How

How cruel is a cool temper after fury ! how different are the points of sight on the same objects ! In the horror of despair ferocity is taken for courage, and the fear of suffering for firmness of mind. Let a look, a surprize call us back to ourselves, and we find that weakness only was the principle of our heroism ; that repentance is the fruit of it, and contempt the recompence

The knowledge of my fault is the most severe punishment of it. Abandon'd to the bitterness of repentance, buried under the veil of shame, I hold myself at a distance, and fear that my body occupies too much space. I would hide it from the light. my tears flow in abundance, my grief is calm, not a sigh exhales, tho' I am quite given up to it. Can I do too much to expiate my crime ? It was against thee

In vain, for two days together, these beneficent savages have endeavoured to make me a partaker of the joy that transports them. I am in continual doubt what can be the cause of this joy, but, even if I knew it better, I should not think myself worthy to share in their festivals. Their dances, their jovial exclamations, a red liquor like *Mays* *, of which they drink abundantly, their eagerness to view the sun wherever they can perceive him, would fully convince me that their rejoicings were in honour of that divine luminary, if the conduct of the *Cacique* was conformable to that of the rest

But, far from taking part in the public joy, since the fault I committed, he interests himself only in my sorrow. His zeal is more respectful, his cares are more assiduous, and his attention is more exact and curious

He understood that the continual presence of the savages

C 2

* *Mays* is a plant which the *Indians* make a very strong and salutary drink, which they offer to the Sun on festival days, and get drunk with after the sacrifice is over. See history of the *Incas*. Vol. II.

rages of his train about me, was an addition to my affliction ; he has delivered me from their troublesome regards, and I have now scarcely any but his to support,

Wouldst thou believe it, my dear *Aza* ? There are some moments in which I feel a kind of sweetness in these mute dialogues . the fire of his eyes recalls to my mind the image of that which I have seen in thine . the similitude is such that it seduces my heart . Alas that this illusion is transient, and that the regrets which follow it are durable ! They will end only with my life, since I live for thee alone.

L E T T E R V I I I

WHEN a single object unites all our thoughts, my dear *Aza*, we interest ourselves no farther in events than as we find them assimilated to our own case . If thou wast not the sole mover of my soul, could I have passed, as I have just done, from the horror of despair to the most flattering hope ? The *Cecique* had before several times in vain attempted to entice me to that window, which I now cannot look at without shuddering . at last, prevailed on by fresh solicitations, I suffered myself to be conducted to it . Ah, my dear *Aza*, how well was I recompensed for my complaisance !

By an incomprehensible miracle, in making me look through a kind of hollow cane, he shewed me the earth at a distance , whereas, without the help of this wonderful machine my eyes could not have reached it .

At the same time, he made me understand by signs, (which begin to grow familiar to me) that we were going to that land, and that the sight of it was the only cause of those rejoicings which I took for a sacrifice to the Sun .

I was immediately sensible of all the benefit of this
discovery

discovery · hope, like a ray of light, glanced directly to the bottom of my heart.

They are certainly carrying me to this land which they have shewn me, and which is evidently a part of thy empire, since the Sun there sheds his beneficent rays *. I am no longer in the fetters of the cruel *Spaniards*, who then shall hinder my returning under thy laws ?

Yes, my dear *Aza*, I go to be reunited to what I love my love, my reason, my desires, all assure me of it I fly into thy arms, a torrent of joy o'erflows my soul, the past is vanish'd, my misfortunes are ended, they are forgotten futurity alone employs me, and is my sole good

Aza, my dear hope, I have not lost thee, I shall see thy countenance, thy robes, thy shadow I shall love thee, and tell thee of it with my own mouth. can any torments efface such a felicity ?

LETTER IX.

HOW long are the days, my dear *Aza*, when one computes their passage ! Time, like space is known only by its limits. Our hopes seem to me the hopes of time ; if they quit us, or are not distinctly marked, we perceive no more of their duration than of the air which fills the vast expanse.

Ever since the fatal instant of our separation, my heart and soul, worn with misfortune, continued sunk in that total absence, that oblivion which is the horror of nature, the image of nothing : the days passed away without my regarding them, for not a hope fix'd my attention to their length But hope

C 3

now

* The *Indians* know not our hemisphere, and believe that the Sun enlightens only the land of his children.

now marks every instant of them , their duration seems to me infinite ; and what surprizes me most of all is, that, in recovering the tranquillity of my spirit, I recover at the same time a facility of thinking

Since my imagination has been opened to joy, a croud of thoughts present themselves, and employ it even to fatigue projects of pleasure and happiness succeed one another alternately ; new ideas find an easy reception, and some are even imprinted without my search, and before I perceive it.

Within these two days, I understand several words of the *Cacique's* language, which I was not before acquainted with But they are only terms applicable to objects, not expressive of my thoughts, nor sufficient to make me understand those of others they give me some lights however, which were necessary for my satisfaction.

I know that the name of the *Cacique* is *Deterville* ; that of our floating house, a *Ship*, and that of the Country we are going to, *France*.

The latter at first frighten'd me, as I did not remember to have heard any province of thy kingdom called so but reflecting on the infinite number of countries under thy dominion, the names of which I have forgot, my fear quickly vanished. Could it long subsist with that solid confidence which the sight of the Sun gives me incessantly ? No, my dear *Aza*, that divine luminary enlightens only his children to doubt this would be criminal in me I am returning into thy empire, I am on the point of seeing thee, I run to my felicity

Amidst the transports of my joy, gratitude prepares me a delicious pleasure . thou wilt load with honour and riches the beneficent *Cacique* who shall restore us one to the other he shall bear into his own country the remembrance of *Zilia*, the recompence of his virtue shall render him still more virtuous, and his happiness shall be thy glory

Nothing can compare, my dear *Aza*, to the kindness

ness he shews me Far from treating me as his slave, he seems to be mine. He is now altogether as complaisant to me, as he was contradictory during my sickness. My person, my inquietudes, my amusements, seem to make up his whole employment, and to engage all his care I admit his offices with less confusion, since custom and reflection have informed me that I was in an error with regard to the idolatry I suspected him guilty of

Not that he does not continue to repeat much the same demonstrations which I took for worship but the tone, the air, and manner he makes use of, persuade me that it is only a diversion in his country manner.

He begins by making me pronounce distinctly some words in his language, and he knows well that the Gods do not speak As soon as I have repeated after him *oui, je vous aime*, (yes, I love you) or else, *je promets d'être à vous*, (I promise to be yours) joy expands over his countenance, he kisses my hands with transport, and with an air of gaiety quite contrary to that gravity which accompanies divine adoration.

Easy as I am on the head of religion, I am not quite so with regard to the country from whence he comes His language and his apparel are so different from ours, that they sometimes shock my confidence : uneasy reflections sometimes cloud over my dear hope ; I pass successively from fear to joy, and from joy to inquietude

Fatigued with the confusion of my thoughts, sick of the uncertainties that torment me, I had resolved to think no more on the subject but what can abate the movements of a soul deprived of all communication, that acts only on itself, and is excited to reflect by such important interests ? I cannot do it, my dear *Aza*, I search for information with an eagerness that devours me, and yet continually find myself in the most profound obscurity. I know that the privation of a sense may in some respects deceive, and yet I

see, with surprize, that the use of all mine drags me on from error to error. Would the intelligence of tongues be that of the soul? O my dear *Aza*, how many grievous truths do I see through my misfortunes! But far from me be these troublesome thoughts we touch the land, the light of my days shall in a moment dissipate the darkness which surrounds me

L E T T E R X

I Am at last arrived at this land, the object of my desires but, my dear *Aza*, I do not yet see any thing, that confers the happiness I had promised myself every object strikes, surprizes, astonishes, and leaves on me only a vague impression, and stupid perplexity, which I do not attempt to throw off. My errors destroy my judgment, I remain uncertain, and almost doubt of what I behold.

Scarce were we got out of the floating house, but we enter'd a town built on the sea shore. The people, who followed us in crowds, appeared to be of the same nation as the *Cacique*, and the houses did not at all resemble those of the cities of the Sun. but if these surpass in beauty, by the richness of their ornaments, those are to be preferred, on account of the prodigies with which they are filled

Upon entering the room assigned me by *Deteraville*, my heart leap'd I saw, fronting the door, a young person dressed like a virgin of the Sun, and ran to her with open arms. How great was my surprize to find nothing but an impenetrable resistance, where I saw a human figure move in a very extended space!

Astonishment held me immoveable, with my eyes fixed upon this object, when *Deteraville* made me observe his own figure on the side of that which engaged all my attention. I touched him, I spoke to him, and I saw him at the same time very near and very far from me.

These

These prodigies confound reason, and blind the judgment. What ought we to think of the inhabitants of this country? Should we fear, or should we love them? I will not take upon me to come to any determination upon the subject.

The *Cacique* made me understand, that the figure which I saw was my own! But what information does that give me? Does it make the wonder less great? Am I the less mortified to find nothing but error and ignorance in my mind? With grief I see it, my dear *Aza*, the least knowing in this country are wiser than all our *Amutas*.

The *Cacique* has given me a young and very sprightly *China**, and it affords me great pleasure to see a woman again, and to be served by her. Many others of my sex wait upon me, but I had rather they would let it alone, for their presence awakens my fears. One may see, by their manner of looking on me, that they have never been at *Cuzco*†. However, as my spirit floats continually in a sea of incertainties, I can judge of nothing. My heart, alone unshaken, desires, expects, waits for one happiness only, without which all the rest is pain and vexation.

L E T T E R XI.

THOUGH I have taken all the pains in my power to gain some light with respect to my present situation, I am no better informed at present than I was three days ago. All that I have been able to observe is, that the other savages of this country appear as good and as humane as the *Cacique*. They sing and dance, as if they had lands to cultivate every day‡. If I was to form a judgment from the opposition

* A maid-servant, or chambermaid

† The capital of *Peru*.

‡ The lands in *Peru* are cultivated in common, and the

sition of their customs to those of our nation, I should not have the least hope . but I remember that thy august father subjected to his obedience provinces very remote, the people of which had nothing in common with us why may not this be one of those provinces ? The Sun seems pleased to enlighten it, and his beams are more bright and pure than I ever saw them. This inspires me with confidence, and I am uneasy only to think how long it must be before I can be fully informed of what regards our interests, for, my dear *Aza*, I am very certain that the knowledge of the language of the country will be sufficient to teach me the truth, and allay my inquietudes

I let slip no opportunity of learning it, and avail myself of all the moments wherein *Deterville* leaves me at liberty, to take the instructions of my *China*. Little service indeed they do me, for, as I cannot make her understand my thoughts, we can hold no conversation, and I learn only the names of such objects as strike both our sights. The signs of the *Cacique* are sometimes more useful to me . custom has made it a kind of language betwixt us, which serves us at least to express our wills. He conducted me yesterday into a house, where, without this knowledge, I should have behaved very ill.

We entered into a larger and better furnished apartment than that which I inhabit, and a great many people were there assembled. The general astonishment shewn at my appearance displeased me, and the excessive laughter which some young women endeavoured to stifle, but which burst out again, when they cast their eyes on me, gave me such an uneasiness of mind, that I should have taken it for shame, if I could have found myself conscious of any fault . but, finding nothing within but a repugnance to stay in such company, I was going to return back, when I was detained by a sign of *Deterville*.

I found

the days they are about this work are always days of rejoicing.

I found that I should commit a fault by going out, and I took great care not to deserve the blame that was thrown on me without cause. As I fixed my attention, during my stay, upon those women, I thought I discovered that the singularity of my dress occasioned the surprize of some, and the laughter of others. I pitied their weakness, and endeavoured to persuade them by my countenance, that my soul did not so much differ from theirs, as my habit differed from their ornaments.

A young man, whom I should have taken for a *Curaca* *, if he had not been dressed in black, came and took me by the hand with an affable air, and led me to a woman, whom, by her haughty mien, I took for the *Pallas* † of the country. He spoke several words to her, which I remember by having heard *Deteraville* pronounce the same a thousand times *What a beauty ! What fine eyes !* answered another man, *she has the graces and the shape of a nymph.*

Except the women, who said nothing, they all repeated almost the same words I do not yet know their signification ; but surely they express agreeable ideas, for the countenance is always smiling when they are pronounced

The *Cacique* seems to be extremely well satisfied with what they say. He keeps close to me, or, if he steps a little from me to speak to any one, his eyes are constantly upon me, and he shews me by signs what I am to do. For my part, I observe him very attentively, as I would not offend against the customs of a nation which know so little of ours.

I believe, my dear *Aza*, I can scarcely make thee comprehend how extraordinary the manners of these savages appeared to me. They have so impatient a vivacity,

* The *Curacas* were petty sovereigns of a country who had the privilege of wearing the same dress as the *Incas*.

† A general name of the *Indian* princesses.

vivacity, that words do not suffice them for expression, but they speak as much by the motion of the body as by the sound of the voice. What I see of their continual agitation, has fully convinced me how little importance there was in that behaviour of the *Cacique* which caused me so much uneasiness, and upon which I made so many false conjectures.

Yesterday he kissed the hands of the *Pallas*, and of all the other women. nay, what I never saw before, he even kissed their cheeks. The men came to embrace him. some took him by the hand, others pulled him by the cloaths; all with a sprightliness of which we have no idea.

To judge of their minds by the vivacity of their gestures, I am sure that our measured expressions, the sublime comparisons which so naturally convey our tender sentiments and affectionate thoughts, would to them appear insipid. They would take our serious and modest air for stupidity, and the gravity of our gait for mere stiffness. Wouldst thou believe it, my dear *Aza*? If thou wert here, I could be pleased to live amongst them. A certain air of affability, spread over all they do, renders them amiable, and, if my soul was more happy, I should find a pleasure in the diversity of objects that successively pass before my eyes. but the little reference they have to thee effaces the agreeableness of their novelty. thou alone art my good, and my pleasure.

L E T T E R XII.

I Have been long, my dear *Aza*, without being able to bestow a moment on my favourite occupation. yet I have a great many extraordinary things to teach thee, and avail myself of this first short leisure to begin thy information.

The next day after I had visited the *Pallas*, *Deter-ville* caused a very fine habit, of the fashion of the country,

country, to be brought me. After my little *China* had put it on according to her fancy, she led me to that ingenious Machine which doubles objects. Though I should be now habituated to its effects, I could not help being surprized at seeing my figure stand as if I was over against myself.

My new accoutrements did not displease me. Perhaps I should have more regretted those which I left off, if they had not made every body troublesome by their staring at me.

The *Cacique* came into my chamber, just as the girl was adding some tinkets to my dress. He stopped at the Door, and looked at me for some time without speaking. So profound was his reverence, that he stept aside to let the *China* go out, and put himself in her place without perceiving it. His Eyes fixed upon me, he examined all my person with such a serious attention as a little discomposed me, though I knew not his reason.

However, to shew him my acknowledgment for his new benefactions, I offered him my hand, and, not being able to express my sentiments, I thought I could not say any thing more agreeable to him than some of those words which he amused himself with teaching me to repeat. I endeavoured even to give them the same tone as he did in pronunciation.

What effect they instantaneously had on him I know not but his eyes sparkled, his cheeks reddened, he approached me trembling, and seemed to have a mind to snatch me into his arms, then stopping suddenly he pressed my hand, and pronounced in a passionate tone—*No—respect—her virtue*—and many other words, which I understood no better than these. Then throwing himself upon his seat, on the other side of the room, he leaned his head upon his hand, and sat moping with all the tokens of afflictive pain.

I was alarmed at his condition, not doubting but I had occasioned him some uneasiness. I drew near him to testify my repentance, but he gently pushed me away without

without looking at me, and I did not dare say any thing more. I was in the greatest confusion when the servants came in to bring us victuals. he then rose, and we eat together in our usual manner, his pain seeming to have no other consequence but a little sorrow yet he was not less kind and good to me, which seemed to me inconceivable.

I did not dare to lift up my eyes upon him, or make use of the signs which commonly served us instead of conversation. but our meal was at time so different from the usual hour of repast, that I could not help shewing some tokens of surprize. All that I could understand of his answer was, that we were soon to change our dwelling. In effect, the *Cacique*, after going in and out several times, came and took me by the hand. I let him lead me, still musing with myself on what had passed, and considering whether the change of our place was not a consequence of it.

Scarce was I got without the outward door of the house before he helped me up a pretty high step, and I advanced into a chamber, so low that one could not stand upright in it. but there was room enough for the *Cacique*, the *China*, and myself all to sit at ease. This little Apartment is agreeably furnished, has a window on each side that enlightens it sufficiently; but it is not spacious enough to walk in.

While I was considering it with surprize, and endeavouring to divine what could be *Deterville's* reason for shutting us up so close. (O my dear *Aza!* how familiar prodigies are in this country) I felt this machine, or hut, I know not what to call it, move and change its place. This motion made me think of the floating house. The *Cacique* saw me frightened, and, as he is attentive to my least uneasiness, pacified me by making me look out of one of the Windows. I saw, not without extreme surprize, that this machine, suspended pretty near the earth, moved by a secret power which I did not comprehend.

Deterville.

Deterville then shew'd me that several *Hamas**, of a species unknown to us, went before us, and drew us after them O light of my days ! these people must have a genius more than human that enables them to invent things so useful and singular · but there must be also in this nation some great defects that moderate its power, otherwise it must needs be mistress of the whole world

For four days we were shut up in this wonderful machine, leaving it only at night to take our rest in the first house we came to , and then I always quitted it with regret. I confess, my dear *Aza*, that, notwithstanding my tender inquietudes, I have tasted pleasures, during this journey, that were before unknown to me. Shut up in the temple from my most tender infancy, I was unacquainted with the beauties of the universe, and every thing that I see ravishes and enchants me

The immense fields, which are incessantly chang'd and renew'd, hurry on the attentive mind with more rapidity than we pass over them

The eyes, without being fatigued, rove at once over an infinite variety of admirable objects, and at the same time are at rest One seems to find no other bounds to the sight than those of the world itself ; which error flatters us, gives us a satisfactory idea of our own grandeur, and seems to bring us nearer to the creator of these wonders.

At the end of a fine day, the heavens present to us a spectacle not less admirable than that of the earth. Transparent clouds assembled round the Sun, tinged with the most lively colours, shew us mountains of shade and light in every part, and the majestic disorder attracts our admiration till we forget ourselves.

The *Cacique* has had the complaisance to let me every day step out of the rolling hut, in order to contemplate at leisure the wonders which he saw me admire

How delicious are the woods, my dear *Aza* ! If
the

* A general name for beasts

the beauties of heaven and earth transport us far from ourselves by an involuntary rapture, those of the forests bring us back again by an inward incomprehensible bias, the secret of which is in nature only. When we enter these delightful places, an universal charm overflows all the senses, and confounds their use. We think we see the cooling breeze before we feel it. The different shades in the colour of leaves soften the light that penetrates them, and seem to strike the sentiment as soon as the sight. An agreeable, but indeterminate odour, leaves it difficult for us to discern whether it affects the taste or the smell. Even the air, without being perceived, conveys to our essence a pure pleasure, which seems to give us another sense, though it does not mark out the organ
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O, my dear *Aza* ! how would thy presence embellish those pure delights ! how have I desired to share them with thee ! The witness of my tender thoughts, I should have made thee find, in the sentiments of my heart, charms more powerful than all those of the beauties of the universe

L E T T E R XIII.

AT last, my dear *Aza*, I am got into a city called *Paris*. Our journey is at an end, but, according to all appearances, so are not my troubles.

More attentive than ever, since my arrival here, to all that passes, my discoveries produce only torment, and presage nothing but misfortunes. I find thy idea in the least of my curious desires, but cannot meet with it in any of the objects that I see.

As well as I can judge by the time we spent in passing through this city, and by the great number of inhabitants with whom the streets are filled, it contains more people than could be got together in two or three of our countries.

I reflect

I reflect on the wonders that have been told me of *auto*, and endeavour to find here some strokes of the picture which I conceive of that great city but a'as ! what a difference ?

This place contains bridges, rivers, fields - it seems to be an universe, rather than a particular seat of habitation. I should endeavour in vain to give thee a just idea of the height of the houses. They are so prodigiously elevated, that it is more easy to believe nature produced them as they are, than to comprehend how men could build them.

Here it is that the family of the *Cacique* resides. Their house is almost as magnificent as that of the Sun - the furniture and some parts of the walls are of gold, and the rest is adorned with a various mixture of the finest colours, which prettily enough represent the beauties of nature.

At my arrival, *Deterville* made me understand that he was conducting me to his mother's apartment. We found her reclined upon a bed of almost the same form with that of the *Incas*, and of the same metal *. After having held out her hand to the *Cacique*, who kissed it bowing almost to the ground, she embraced him, but with a kindness so cold, a joy so constrained, that, if previous information had not been given me, I should not have known the sentiments of nature in the caresses of this mother.

After a moment's conversation, the *Cacique* made me draw near. She cast on me a disdainful look, and, without answering what her son said to her, continued gravely to turn round her finger a thread, which hung to a small piece of gold.

Deterville left us to go and meet a stately, bulky man, who had advanced some steps towards him. He embraced both him, and another woman who was employ'd in the same manner as the *Pallas*.

D

As

* The beds, chairs, and tables of the *Incas* were of massy gold.

As soon as the *Cacique* had appeared in the chamber a young maiden, of about my age, ran to us, and followed him with a timid eagerness that seem'd remarkable. Joy shone upon her countenance, yet did not banish the marks of a sorrow that seem'd to affect her. *Deterville* embraced her last, but with a tenderness so natural that my heart was moved at it. Alas my dear *Aza*, what would our transports be, if, after so many misfortunes, fate should reunite us ?

During this time I kept near the *Pallas*, whom I durst not quit, nor look up at *, out of respect. Some severe glances, which she threw from time to time upon me, completed my confusion, and put me under a constraint that affected my very thoughts.

At last, the young damsel, as if she had guess'd at my disorder, as soon as she had quitted *Deterville*, came and took me by the hand, and led me to a window where we both sat down. Though I did not understand any thing she said to me, her eyes full of goodness spoke to me the universal language of beneficent hearts ; they inspired me with a confidence and friendship which I would willingly have express'd to her but, not being able to utter the sentiments of my mind, I pronounced all that I knew of her language

She smiled more than once, looking on *Deterville* with the most tender sweetness. I was pleasing myself with this conversation, when the *Pallas* spoke some words aloud, looking sternly on my new friend, whose countenance immediately falling, she thrust away my hand which she before held in hers, and took no farther notice of me.

Some time after that, an old woman, of gloomy appearance, entered the room, went up towards the *Pallas*, then came and took me by the arm, led me to a chamber at the top of the house, and left me there alone

Though

* Young damsels, though of the blood royal, show a profound respect to married women.

Though this moment could not be esteemed the most unfortunate of my life, yet, my dear *Aza*, I could not pass it without much concern. I expected, at the end of my journey, some relief to my fatigues, and that in the *Cacique's* family I should at least meet with the same kindness as from him. The cold reception of the *Pallas*, the sudden change of behaviour in the damsel, the rudeness of this woman in forcing me from a place where I had rather have staid, the inattention of *Deterville*, who did not oppose the violence shewn me; in a word, all circumstances, that might augment the pains of an unhappy soul, presented themselves at once with their most rueful aspects! I thought myself abandon'd by all the world, and was bitterly deploring my dismal destiny, when I beheld my *China* coming in. Her presence, in my situation, seemed to me an essential good. I ran to her, embraced her with tears, and was more melted when I saw her touch'd with my affliction. When a mind is reduced to pity itself, the compassion of another is very valuable. The marks of this young woman's affection softened my anguish. I related to her my griefs, as if she could understand me. I asked her a thousand questions, as if it had been in her power to answer them. Her tears spoke to my heart, and mine continued to flow, but with less bitterness than before.

I thought, at least, that I should see *Deterville* at the hour of refreshment, but they brought me up victuals, and I saw him not. Since I have lost thee, dear idol of my heart, this *Cacique* is the only human creature that has shewn me an uninterrupted course of goodness, so that the custom of seeing him became a kind of necessity. His absence redoubled my sorrow. After expecting him long in vain, I laid me down, but sleep had not yet sealed my eyes before I saw him enter my chamber, followed by the young woman whose brisk disdain had so sensibly afflicted me.

She threw herself upon my bed, and by a thousand careffes seemed desirous to repair the ill treatment she had given me

The *Cacique* sat down by my bedside, and seemed to receive as much pleasure in seeing me again, as I enjoyed in perceiving I was not abandon'd They talked together with their eyes fixed on me, and heap'd on me the most tender marks of affection.

Insensibly their conversation became more serious. Though I did not understand their discourse, it was easy for me to judge that it was founded on confidence and friendship I took care not to interrupt them but, as soon as they returned to my bed-side, I endeavoured to obtain from the *Cacique* some light with regard to those particulars which had appeared to me the most extraordinary since my arrival

All that I could understand from his answers was, that the name of the young woman before me was *Celina*, that she was his sister, that the great man, whom I had seen in the chamber of the *Pallas*, was his elder brother, and the other young woman, that brother's wife.

Celina became more dear to me, when I understood she was the *Cacique's* sister, and the company of both was so agreeable, that I did not perceive it was daylight before they left me.

After their departure, I spent the rest of the time, destin'd to repose, in conversing with thee. This is my happiness, my only joy It is to thee alone, dear soul of my thoughts, that I unbosom my heart, thou shalt ever be the sole depositary of my secrets, my tendernefs, and my sentiments

L E T T E R XIV

IF I did not continue, my dear *Axo*, to take from my sleep the time that I give to thee, I should no more enjoy those delicious moments, in which I exist
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for thee only. They have made me resume my virgin habits, and oblige me to remain all day in a room full of people, who are changed and renewed every moment without seeming to diminish

This involuntary dissipation, in spite of me, often separates me from my tender thoughts but if, for some moments, I lose that lively attention which unites our hearts, I often find thee again in the advantageous comparisons I make of thee with whatever surrounds me

In the different countries that I have passed through, I have not seen any savages so haughtily familiar as these. The women, in particular, seem to have a kind of disdainful civility that disgusts human nature, and would perhaps inspire me with as much contempt for them, as they shew for others, if I knew them better

One of them caused an affront to be given me yesterday, which still afflicts me. Just when the assembly was most numerous, after she had been speaking to several persons without perceiving me, whether by chance, or that somebody made her take notice of me, as soon as she cast her eyes on me, she burst out a laughing, quitted her place precipitately, came to me, made me rise, and, after having turned me backwards and forwards as often as her vivacity prompted, after having handled all the parts of my dress with a scrupulous attention, she beckon'd to a young man to draw near, and began again with him the examination of my figure

Though I shew'd a dislike to the liberty which both of them took, as the richness of the woman's dress made me take her for a *Pallas*, and the magnificence of the young man, who was all over plated with gold, made him look like an *Angui* *, I dared not oppose their

* A prince of the blood there must be leave from an *Inca* for a *Peruvian* to wear gold upon his apparel, and the *Inca* gives this permission only to the princes of the blood royal.

their will . but this rash savage, embolden'd by the familiarity of the *Pallas*, and perhaps by my submission, having had the impudence to put his hand upon my neck, I push'd it away with a surprize and indignation that shew'd him I understood good manners better than himself

Upon my crying out, *Deterville* came up, and after he had spoke a few words to the young savage, the latter, clapping one hand upon his shoulder, set up such a laugh as quite distorted his figure

The *Cacique* disengag'd himself, and, blushing, spoke to him in so cold a tone, that the young man's gaiety vanished he seemed to have no more to say, and retired without coming near us again.

O my dear *Aza*, what a respect do the manners of this country make me have for those of the children of the Sun ! How does the temerity of the young *Anqui* bring back to my mind thy tender respect, thy sage reserve, and the charms of decency that reigned in our conversations ! I perceived it the first moment I saw thee, dear delight of my soul, and I shall think of it all the days of my life Thou alone unitest in thyself all the perfections which nature has shed upon mankind , as my heart has collected within it all the sentiments of tenderness and admiration that will attach me to thee till death.

LETTER XV.

THE more I see the *Cacique* and his sister, my dear *Aza*, the more trouble I have to persuade myself they are of this nation they alone know what virtue is, and respect it

The simple manners, the native goodness, and the modest gaiety of *Celina*, would make one think she had been bred up among our virgins The honest sweetness, the serious tenderness of her brother, would
easily

easily persuade me that he was born of the Blood of the *Incas*. They both treat me with as much humanity as we should shew them, if like misfortunes had brought them among us.

I do not doubt but the *Cacique* is a good tributary*.

He never enters my apartment but he makes me a present of some of the wonderful things with which this country abounds. Sometimes they are pieces of that machine which doubles objects, inclosed in little frames of curious matter. At other times he brings me little stones of surprising lustre, with which it is the custom here to adorn almost all the parts of the body they hang them to their ears, put them on the stomach, the Neck, the Shoes, which has all a very agreeable effect.

But what I am most amused with are certain small utensils of a very hard metal, and most singular use. Some are employed in the works which *Celina* teaches me to make. others of a cutting form, serve to divide all sorts of stuffs, of which we make as many bits as we please without trouble, and in a very diverting manner.

I have an infinite number of other rarities still more extraordinary which not being in use with us, I cannot find words in our tongue to give thee an Idea of them.

I keep all these gifts carefully for thee, my dear *Aza*: besides the pleasure thy surprize will give me when thou seest them, they undoubtedly belong to thee. If the *Cacique* was not subject to thy obedience, would he pay me a tribute which he knows to be due only to thy supreme rank? The respect he has always shewn me, made me think from the first that my birth was

* The *Caciques* and *Curacas* were obliged to furnish the dress and provisions of the *Inca* and the Queen. They never came into the Presence of either, without offering them some tribute of the Curiosities of the province they commanded.

was known to him ; and the presents he now honours me with convince me that he knows I am to be thy spouse, since he treats me already as a *Mama Oela* *.

This conviction revives me, and calms a part of my inquietudes I conceive that nothing is wanting, but the power of expressing myself, for me to be informed what are the *Cacique*'s reasons for keeping me, and to determine him to deliver me into thy Power but till that can be, I have a great many Pains to suffer

The humour of *Madarie* (so they call *Deterville*'s mother) is not near so amiable as that of her children Far from treating me with so much goodness, she shews me on all occasions a coldness and disdain that mortifies me, though I can neither remedy nor discover the cause of it, and yet, by an opposition of sentiments I understand still less, she requires to have me continually with her

This gives me insupportable torture for constraint reigns wherever she is, and it is only by stealth that *Selina* and her brother gave me signs of their friendship They do not themselves dare to speak freely before her for which reason they spend part of the nights in my chamber, which is the only time we enjoy in peace the pleasure of seeing one another Though I cannot partake of their conversation, their presence is always agreeable to me It is not for want of care in either of them that I am not happy Alas ! my dear *Aza*, they are ignorant that I cannot bear to be remote from thee, and that I do not think myself to live except when the Remembrance of thee and my tenderness employ me entirely

LETTER XVI.

I Have so few *Quipos* left, my dear *Aza*, that I scarce dare use them When I would go to knotting them, the dread of seeing an end of them stops

* This is the name the queens take when they ascend the throne

stops me ; as if I could multiply by sparing them I am going to lose the pleasure of my soul, the support of my Life : nothing can relieve the weight of thy absence, which must now weigh me down

I tasted a delicate pleasure in preserving the remembrance of the most secret motions of my heart to offer thee its homage. My design was to preserve the memory of the principal customs of this singular nation ; to amuse thy leisure with in more happy times Alas ! I have little hopes now left of executing my project.

If I find at present so much difficulty in putting my ideas into order, how shall I hereafter recall them without any foreign assistance ? 'Tis true they offer me one, but the execution of it is so difficult, that I think it impossible

The *Cacique* has brought me one of this country savages, who comes daily to give me lessons in his tongue, and to shew me the method of giving a sort of existence to thoughts This is done by drawing small figures, which they call *Letters*, with a feather, upon a thin matter called *Paper*. These figures have names, and those names put together represent the sound of words But these names and sounds seem to me so little distinct from one another, that, if I do in time succeed in learning them, I am sure it will not be without a great deal of pains. This poor savage takes an incredible deal of pains to teach me, and I give myself more to learn yet I make so little progress, that I would renounce the enterprize, if I knew any other way to inform myself of thy fate and mine

There is no other, my dear *Aza*, therefore my whole delight is now in this new and singular study. I would live alone all that I see displeases me, and the necessity imposed on me of being always in *Madame's* apartment gives me torment

At first, by exciting the curiosity of others, I amused my own but, where the eyes only are to be amused, they are soon to be satisfied All the women

are alike, have still the same manners, and I think they always speak the same words. The appearances are more varied among the men, some of them look as if they thought but, in general I suspect this nation not to be what it appears, for affectation seems to be its ruling character

If the demonstrations of zeal and earnestness, with which the most trifling duties of society are here graced, were natural, these people, my dear *Aza*, must certainly have in their hearts more goodness and humanity than ours and who can think this possible ?

If they had as much serenity in the soul as upon the countenance, if the propensity to joy which I remark in all their actions, was sincere, would they chuse for their amusement such spectacles as they have carried me to see ?

They conducted me into a place, where was represented, almost as in thy palace, the actions of men who are no * more. But as we revive only the memory of the most wise and virtuous, I believe only madmen and villains are represented here. Those who personated them rav'd and storm'd as if they were wild, and I saw one of them carry his fury so high as to kill himself. The fine women, whom seemingly they persecuted, wept incessantly, and shew'd such tokens of despair, that the words they made use of were not necessary to shew the excess of their anguish.

Could one think, my dear *Aza*, that a whole people, whose outside is so humane, should be pleas'd at the representation of those misfortunes or crimes, which either overwhelmed or degraded creatures like themselves ?

But perhaps they have occasion here for the horror of vice to conduct them to virtue. This thought starts upon

* The *Incos* caused a kind of comedies to be represented, the subjects of which were taken from the brightest actions of their predecessors.

upon me unsought, and if it were true, how should I pity such a nation ? Ours, more favour'd by nature, cherishes goodness for its own charms we want only models of virtue to make us virtuous, as nothing is requisite but to love thee in order to become amiable.

L E T T E R XVII.

I Know not what farther to think of the genius of this nation, my dear *Aza*. It runs through the extremes with such rapidity, that it requires more ability than I possess to sit in judgment upon its character

They have shewn me a spectacle intirely opposite to the former. That, cruel and frightful, made reason revolt, and humbled humanity this, amusing and agreeable, imitates nature, and does honour to good sense It was composed of a great many more men and women than the former they represented also some actions of human life, but whether they expressed pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow, the whole was done by songs and dances

The intelligence of sounds, my dear *Aza*, must be universal for I found it no more difficult to be affected with the different passions that were represented, than if they had been express'd in our language. This seems to me very natural

Human speech is doubtless of man's invention, because it differs according to the difference of nations. Nature, more powerful, and more attentive to the necessities and pleasures of her creatures, has given them general means of expressing them, which are well imitated by the songs I heard

If it be true that sharp sounds express better the need of help in violent fear, or acute pain, than words understood in one part of the world, and which have no signification in another ; it is not less certain

that tender sighs strike our hearts with a more efficacious compassion than words, the odd arrangement of which sometimes produces just a contrary effect.

Do not lively and light sounds inevitably excite in our soul that gay pleasure, which the recital of a diverting story, or a joke properly introduced, can but imperfectly raise ?

Are there expressions in any language that can communicate genuine pleasure with so much success as the natural sports of animals ? Dancing seems an humble imitation of them, and inspires much the same sentiment

In short, my dear *Aza*, every thing in this last show was conformable to nature and humanity Can any benefit be conferred on man, equal to that of inspiring him with joy ?

I felt it myself, and was transported by it in spite of me, when I was interrupted by an accident that happen'd to *Celina*.

As we came out, we step'd a little aside from the croud, and lean'd on one another for fear of falling. *Deterville* was some paces before us leading his sister-in-law, when a young savage, of an amiable figure, came up to *Celina*, whisper'd a few words to her very low, gave her a bit of paper which she scarce had strength to take, and retired.

Celina, who was so frighten'd at his approach as to make me partake of her trembling, turned her head languishingly towards him when he quitted us She seemed so weak, that, fearing she was attack'd by some sudden illness, I was going to call *Deterville* to her assistance. but she stop'd me, and by putting her finger on her mouth, required me to be silent. I chose rather to be uneasy, than to disobey her

The same evening, when the brother and sister came into my chamber, *Celina* shew'd the *Cacique* the paper she had received. By the little I could guess at in their conversation, I should have thought she loved the young man who gave it her, if it had been

been possible for one to be frighten'd at the presence of what one loves.

I have made other remarks, my dear *Aza*, which I would have imparted to thee ; but alas ! my *Quipos* are all used - the last threads are in my hands, and I am knotting the last knots. The knots, which seemed to me a chain of communication betwixt my heart and thine, are now only the sorrowful objects of my regret. Illusion quits me, frightful truth takes her place, my wandering thoughts, bewilder'd in the immense void of absence, will hereafter be annihilated with the same rapidity as time. Dear *Aza*, they seem to separate us once again, and snatch me afresh from thy love. I lose thee ! I quit thee ! I shall see thee no more ! *Aza*, dear hope of my heart, how distant indeed are we now to be removed from each other !

LETTER XVIII

HOW much of my time has been effaced, my dear *Aza* ! The Sun has run half his course since I last enjoy'd the artificial happiness of believing I conversed with thee. How tedious has this double absence appeared ! What courage did I want to support it ! I lived in futurity only, and the present time did not seem worthy to be computed. All my thoughts were nothing but desires, my reflections but so many projects, and my sentiments but a series of hopes.

Scarce have I learned to form these figures, and yet I will now try to make them the interpreters of my passion.

I feel myself re-animated by this tender employment. restored to myself, I begin to live again. *Aza*, how dear art thou ! what delight do I take in telling thee so, in painting these sentiments, and giving them all possible means of existence ! I would trace them

upon the hardest metal, upon the walls of my chamber, upon my garments, upon all that surrounds me, and express them in all languages.

How fatal, alas, has the knowledge of the language I now use been to me ! How deceitful was the hope that prevail'd on me to learn it ! Scarce had I got acquainted with it but a new universe opened to my eyes, objects took another form, and every light I gain'd discover'd to me a new misfortune

My mind, my heart, my eyes, the Sun himself has deceived me He enlightens the whole world, of which thy empire, and the various kingdoms that own thy supremacy, are a portion only Do not think, my dear *Aza*, that they have imposed upon me in these incredible facts, which they have but too well proved

Far from being among people subjected to thy obedience, I am not only under a foreign dominion, but so prodigiously remote from thy empire, that our nation had still been unknown here, if the avarice of the *Spaniards* had not made them surmount the most hideous dangers to come at us.

Will not love do as much as a thirst of riches has done ? if thou lovest me, if thou desirest me, if thou only thinkest yet of the unhappy *Zelia*, I have every thing to expect from thy tenderness and thy generosity Let them teach me the roads that lead to thee, and the perils to be surmounted, or the fatigues to be borne, shall be so many pleasures to my heart

L E T T E R XIX

I Am as yet so little a proficient in the art of writing, that it takes me up abundance of time to form only a few lines Often it happens, my dear *Aza*, that, after having written much, I cannot myself divine what I have endeavoured to express. This perplexity

plexity confounds my ideas, and makes me forget what I had with pain revolved in my memory. I begin again, do no better, and yet I proceed

The task would be more easy to me, if I had nothing to give thee but expressions of my tenderness: the vivacity of my sentiments would then surmount all difficulties

But I would also render thee an account of all that has passed during the long interval of my silence. I would not have thee ignorant of any of my actions: and yet of so little importance, so little uniform have they a long time been, that it would be impossible for me to distinguish one from another

The principal event of my life has been *Deterville's* departure.

As long ago, as they call here *six months*, he has been gone to War for the interest of his sovereign. When he set out, I did not yet know the use of his tongue but, by the lively grief he discovered at parting from his sister and me, I understood that we were going to lose him for a long time

I shed many tears, a thousand fears filled my heart, lest the kindress of *Celina* should wear off. In him I lost the most solid hope of seeing thee again. To whom could I have had recourse, if any new misfortunes had happen'd to me? Nobody understood my language

It was not long before I felt the effects of his absence. *Madame* his mother, whose contempt I had but too justly guess'd at (and who had not kept me so much in her chamber, but to indulge the vanity she conceived on the account of my birth, and the power she had over me) caused me to be shut up with *Celina* in a house of virgins, where we now are. The life that we lead here is so very uniform, that it can produce but very inconsiderable events.

This retreat would not displease me, if it had not deprived me, just as I began to understand every thing, of the instructions I wanted to carry on my

design of coming to thee The virgins that live here are so profoundly ignorant, that they cannot satisfy my most trifling enquiries

The worship which they render to the Divinity of the country requires that they should renounce all his benefits, all intelligence of the mind, all the sentiments of the heart, and I think even reason itself, if one may judge from their discourse.

Though shut up like ours, these virgins have one advantage that is not to be found in the temple of the Sun The walls are open here in several places, and secured only by cross bars of iron, so close that they cannot be got between By these places, which are called *Parlours* *, they have the liberty of conversing with persons who are without

It is through one of these convenient places that I continue to have my writing lessons. I speak to no body but the master who gives them to me, and his ignorance, in every thing but his art, is not like to rescue me out of mine *Celina* seems no better informed than the rest. In the answers she gives to my questions I observe a certain perplexity, which can proceed from nothing but either awkward dissimulation, or profound ignorance Whichsoever it be, her conversation is always confined to the affairs of her own heart, and those of her family.

The young *Frenchman* who spoke to her, as we came out from the singing entertainment, is her lover, as I guess'd before.

But madame *Deterville*, who will not let them come together, forbids her seeing him ; and, the more effectually to hinder her, will not permit her to speak to any person whatsoever without

Not that the choice is unworthy of her , but this vain and unnatural mother, taking advantage of a barbarous custom established among the great in this Country, obliges *Celina* to put on the virgin's habit, in order to make her eldest son the richer.

From

From the same motive she has obliged *Deterville* to enter into a particular order, from which he cannot be disengag'd after he has pronounced certain words called *vows*.

Celina, with all her power, opposes the sacrifice they would make of her her courage is supported by her lover's letters, which I receive from my writing master, and deliver to her. Yet her vexation so alters her character, that, far from shewing me the same kindness she did before I spoke her tongue, she spreads such a founess over all our conversation, as renders my sorrows the more acute

Her troubles, of which I am the perpetual confidante, I hear without disgust. I bewail them without art, and comfort her with friendship. but if my tenderness, awaken'd by the picture of her's, drives me to seek ease to my oppress'd heart by only pronouncing thy name, impatience and contempt are immediately painted in her countenance; she disputes thy understanding, thy virtues, and even thy love

My very *China* (I have no other name for her, this having so pleased that it has been continued) my *China*, who seem'd to love me, who obey'd me in all things, takes the liberty to exhort me to think no more of thee, or leaves me, if I bid her be silent. *Celina* then comes in, and I must hide my resentment.

This tyrannical constraint heightens all my ills. I have nothing left but the painful satisfaction of covering this paper with expressions of my tenderness, it being the only docile witness of the sentiments of my heart.

Alas! perhaps the pains I take are useless; perhaps thou wilt never know that I lived for thee alone. This horrible thought enfeebles my courage, yet does not interrupt my design of continuing to write to thee. I preserve my illusion, that I may preserve my life for thee. I banish the cruel reason that would inform me, If I did not hope to see thee again, I am sure, my dear *Aza*, I should perish: for life without thee is a torment to me.

L E T T E R XX.

HITHERTO, my dear *Aza*, busied only about the pains of my heart, I have said nothing to thee concerning those of my mind, yet these are not the less cruel, because I have omitted them. I experience one of a kind unknown among us, and which nothing but the equivocal genius of this nation could invent.

The government of this empire, quite opposite to that of thine, must needs be defective. Whereas the *Capa-Inca* is oblig'd to provide for the subsistence of his people, in *Europe* the sovereigns subsist only on the labours of their subjects: whence it is that most of the crimes and misfortunes proceed here from unsatisfied necessities.

The misfortunes of the nobles in general arise from the difficulties they are under to reconcile their apparent magnificence with their real misery.

The common people support their condition by what is called commerce or industry, the least evading from which is insincerity.

Part of the people, in order to live, are obliged to depend on the humanity of others; and that is so bounded, that scarce have those wretches sufficient to keep them alive.

Without gold, it is impossible to acquire any part of that land which nature has given in common to all men. Without possessing what they call wealth, it is impossible to have gold, and by a false consequence repugnant to reason and natural light, this senseless people, thinking it a shame to receive from any other than the sovereign the means of life, and the support of dignity, give that sovereign an opportunity of showering down his liberalities on so small a number of his subjects, in comparison with those that are miserable, that there would be as much folly in pretending to any share in them, as there would be ignominy in obtaining

obtaining deliverance by death from the impossibility of living without shame.

The knowledge of these woful truths excited in my heart at first only pity for the miserable wretches, and indignation against the laws. But alas ! how many cruel reflections does the contemptuous manner, in which I hear them speak of those that are not rich, cause me to make on myself ! I have neither gold, nor land, nor address, and yet I necessarily make a part of the citizens of this place. O heaven ! in what class must I rank myself ?

Though I am a stranger to all sentiment of shame, which does not arise from a fault committed, though I perceive how foolish it is to blush for causes independent of my power and my will, I cannot help suffering from the idea which others have of me. This pain would be insupportable to me, if I did not hope that thy generosity will one day put me in a condition to recompense those, who, in spite of me, humble me by benefits with which I once thought myself honoured.

Not that *Celina* omits any thing in her power to calm my inquietudes in this respect but what I see, what I learn of this country, gives me a general diffidence of their words. Their virtues, my dear *Aza*, have no more reality than their riches. The moveables, which I thought were of gold, have only a thin superficies of that metal, their true substance being wood. In like manner what they call *politeness* has all the outward forms of virtue, and lightly veils over their faults but, with a little attention, the artifice of this is discovered, as well as their false riches.

I owe part of this knowledge to a sort of writing they call *books*. Though I found it very difficult to comprehend what they contain, they have been of great use to me. I extract notions from them, *Celina* explains to me what she knows, and I form such ideas as I think are just.

Some of these *books*, teach me what men have done, and others, what they have thought. I cannot explain

plain to thee, my dear *Aza*, the exquisite pleasure I should take in reading them, if I did but understand them better, nor the extreme desire I have to know some of those divine men who compose them. As they are to the soul what the Sun is to the earth, I should with them find all the lights, all the helps I want but I see no hope of ever having that satisfaction. Though *Celina* reads pretty often, she is not knowing enough to satisfy me. As if she had never reflected that books were made by men, she is ignorant of their names, and even that such men ever lived.

I will convey to thee, my dear *Aza*, all that I can collect from their wonderful works. I will explain them in our language, and shall taste supreme felicity in giving a new pleasure to him I love.

Alas ! shall I ever be able to perform my promise ?

LETTER XXI

I Shall not for the future want matter to entertain thee, my dear *Aza* they have let me speak to a *Cusipata*, whom they call a *religious*, who knows every thing and has promised to leave me ignorant of nothing. As polite as a great lord, as learned as an *Amatas*, he knows as well the customs of the world as the tenets of his religion. His conversation, more useful than a book, has given me a satisfaction which I had not tasted since my misfortunes separated me from thee.

He came to teach me the religion of *France*, and exhort me to embrace it which I would willingly have done, if I had been well assured that he gave me a true picture of it.

According to what he said to me of the virtues it prescribes, they are drawn from the law of nature, and not less pure in fact than ours. but I have not penetra-
tion

tration enough to perceive here, that agreement which the manners and customs of a nation should have with their religion on the contrary, I find such a want of connexion bewixt these, that my reason absolutely refuses to believe my instructor

With regard to the origin and principles of this religion, they did not appear to me either more incredible, or more incompatible with good sense, than the history of *Monco capac* and the lake *Tificaca* * . I should therefore have been ready to embrace it, if the *Cusipata* had not indignantly despised the worship which we render to the Sun. Partiality of any kind destroys confidence

I might have applied to his arguments what he opposed to mine but if the laws of humanity forbid to strike another, because it is doing him an injury, there is more reason why one should not hurt the soul of another by a contempt of his opinions I contented myself with explaining to him my sentiments, but did not attempt to contradict his.

Besides, a more dear concern pressed me to change the subject of our conversation I interrupted him as soon as possible, to ask how far the city of *Paris* was from that of *Cuzco* and whether it was possible to get from one to the other The *Cusipata* satisfied me kindly ; and though the distance he told me there was betwixt the two cities was enough to make me despair, though he made me look on the difficulty of performing this voyage as almost insurmountable, it was sufficient for me to know that the thing was possible, in order to confirm my courage, and give me confidence to communicate my design to the good father

He seemed astonished, and endeavour'd to divert me from my project with such tender words, that I was moved myself at the dangers I was to be exposed to but my resolution however was unshaken, and I pray'd the *Cusipata*, in the warmest manner, to teach me the means of returning into my country He would

* See the history of the *Incas*.

would not enter into particulars, and only told me that *Deterville*, by his high birth and personal merit, being in great credit, might do what he would for me and that having an uncle all powerful at the court of *Spain*, he could more easily than any man procure me news from our unhappy country.

The better to determine me to wait for his return (which he assured me to be near at hand) he added, that, after the obligations I had to this generous friend, I could not honourably dispose of myself without his consent. I agreed with him, heard with pleasure the encomium he made of those rare qualities which distinguish *Deterville* from others of his rank. The weight of acknowledgment is very light, my dear *Aza*, when one receives favours only from the hands of virtue.

The learned man informed me also, how chance had conducted the *Spaniards* to thy unfortunate empire, and that the thirst of gold was the sole cause of their cruelty. He then explained to me in what manner the rights of war had caused me to fall into the hands of *Deterville*, by a fight in which he was victorious, after having taken several ships from the *Spaniards*, among which was that in which I was embarked.

In fine, my dear *Aza*, if he has confirmed my misfortunes, he has at least drawn me out of that cruel darkness in which I lived with regard to all those extraordinary events. This is no small solace to my pains, and for the rest I wait the return of *Deterville*. He is humane, noble, virtuous, and I may depend upon his generosity. If he restores me to thee, what a benefit ! what joy ! what happiness !——

L E T T E R XXII

I Truſted my dear *Aza*, upon making me a friend of the learned *Cuſipata*. but a ſecond viſit he has made

made me, has destroy'd the good opinion I formed of him in the first in short, we have already differ'd

If at first he appeared to me gentle and sincere, this time I found nothing but rudeness and falsehood in all that he said to me

My mind being easy with regard to the object of my tenderness, I desired to satisfy my curiosity, concerning the wonderful men who make books I began by enquiring what rank they held in the world, what veneration was paid to them, in short, what were the honours and triumphs decreed to them for so many benefits bestow'd on society

I know not what pleasantry the *Cusipata* found in my questions, but he smiled at each of them, and answer'd me only by such broken sentences, that it was not difficult for me to see he deceived me

In fact, ought I to believe that persons, who know and paint so well the subtle delicacies of virtue, should not have more, nay should sometimes have less of it in their hearts than other men? Can I believe that interest is the guide of a labour more than human, and that so many pains are rewarded only by railleries, or at best by a little money?

Can I persuade myself that, in so haughty a nation, men who are indisputably above others by the light of their understanding, are reduced to the woful necessity of selling their thoughts, as people sell for bread, the meanest productions of the earth?

Falsehood, my dear *Aza*, does not less displease me when under the transparent mask of pleasantry, than when under the thick veil of seduction, that of the father provok'd me, and I did not design to give him an answer

Not being able to satisfy myself in this respect, I turned the conversation again to the project of my voyage but, instead of dissuading me from it with the same gentleness as before, he opposed such strong and convincing reasons against me, that I had nothing but my passion for thee to combat them with, and I made no scruple of confessing as much.

At

At first he assumed a gay air, and, seeming to doubt the truth of my words, answered only by jokes, which, insipid as they were, did not fail of offending me. I labour'd to convince him of my truth, but in proportion as the expressions of my heart prov'd its sentiments, his countenance and words grew severe. He dared to tell me that my love for thee was incompatible with virtue, that I must renounce one or the other; in short, that I could not love thee without a crime.

At these senseless words the most violent wrath took possession of my soul. I forgot the moderation I had prescribed myself, I loaded him with reproaches. I told him what I thought of the falsity of his words. I protested to him a thousand times that I would love thee always, and, without waiting for his excuses, quitted him, and ran and shut myself up in my chamber, whither I was sure he could not follow me.

O my dear *Aza*! how whimsical is the reason of this country! Always in contradiction with itself, I cannot understand how I am to obey some of its precepts without thwarting many others.

It agrees in general that to do good is the first virtue: it approves acknowledgment, and proscribes ingratitude.

It would be laudable in me if I could re-establish thee upon the throne of thy fathers: but I am criminal in preserving for thee a good more precious than the empire of the world.

They would commend me if I could recompense thy benefits by the treasures of *Peru*. Strip'd of all, dependent for all, I possess only my love, that they would have me tear from thee, and become ungrateful, because I have virtue. Ah my dear *Aza*! I should deceive them, if I promised a moment to cease loving thee. Faithful to their laws, I shall be so to my love also, I shall live for thee alone.

L E T T E R XXIII.

I Believe my dear *Aza*, that nothing but the joy of seeing thee can surpass that which I felt upon the return of *Deterville* but, as if I was never more to taste pleasures unmixed, it was very soon follow'd by a sorrow which still endures.

Celina was yesterday morning in my chamber, when somebody came and whisper'd her out, and she had not been long gone, before I was bid to come to the parlour I ran thither, and how was I surprized to find her brother there with her !

I did not dissemble the pleasure I received at seeing him to whom I owe so much esteem and friendship. As sentiments of this kind border on virtues, I express'd them with as much truth as I felt them.

I saw my deliverer, the only support of my hope : I began to speak without constraint of thee, of my love, of my designs, and my joy swelled up to transports

As I did not speak *French* when *Deterville* went away, how many things had I to tell him ? How many questions to ask him, and how many thanks to give him ? Desirous to tell him all at once, I spoke bad *French*, and yet continued to talk on.

During this time I perceived that *Deterville* changed his countenance the gloom, which I remark'd on his face when I entered, disappeared joy took its place, and I, pleased that I could give him delight, endeavour'd to heighten it still more Alas ! ought I to have feared giving too much pleasure to a friend to whom I owe all, and from whom I expect all ? Yet my sincerity threw him into an error which at present cost me a great many tears

Celina went out at the same time that I came in perhaps her presence might have hinder'd so cruel an explanation,

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Deterville,

Deterville, attentive to my words, seemed to take pleasure in hearing them without thinking to interrupt me. I know not what trouble seized me, when I would have demanded of him instructions relative to my journey, and explain'd to him the motive of it - but I wanted expressions, and searched them in vain. He availed himself of a moment of silence, and bowing one knee to the ground before the grate, which he held with both his hands, he said to me in a passionate tone, to what sentiments divine *Ziha*, must I ascribe the pleasure which I see so artlessly express'd in your fair eyes, as well as in your discourse? Am I the happiest of men, at the very instant when my sister described me as the greatest object of compassion? I know not, answer'd I, what uneasiness *Celina* can have given you, but I am very sure you shall never receive any from me. She has told me, replied he, that I ought not to hope for your love.

Mine, cried I, interrupting him, could she say that you have not my love? Ah! *Deterville*, how could your sister blacken me with such a crime? I abhor ingratitude, and should hate myself if I thought I could ever cease loving you.

While I spoke these few words, he seemed, by the eagerness of his looks, as if he would have read my very soul.

You love me then, *Ziha*, said he, and you tell it me yourself, I would have given my life to have heard so charming a confession - but alas! now I hear it, I cannot believe. *Ziha*, my dear *Ziha*, is it true that you love me? Do you not deceive yourself? Your tone, your eyes, my heart, every thing seduces me. Perhaps I am only to be plunged again into the despair from which I have just escaped.

You astonish me, replied I. Whence arises your diffidence? Since I have known you, if I could not make myself understood by words, ought not all my actions to have proved that I lov'd you? No, resumed he, I cannot yet flatter myself of this you are not
yet

yet mistress enough of *French* to destroy my just fears. I know you do not endeavour to deceive me, but tell me, what sense you affix to these adorable words, *I love you*. Let my lot be decided let me die at your feet, either with grief or pleasure

These words, I said to him (a little intimidated by the vivacity with which he concluded his speech) these words, I think, ought to let you know that you are dear to me, that I interest myself in your fortune, that friendship and gratitude attach me to you these sentiments please my heart, and ought to satisfy yours

Ah *Zilia* ! answered he, how your expressions grow more feeble, and your tone more cold ! Did *Cilina* then tell me truth ? Is it not for *Aza* that you feel all that you say ? No, said I, the sentiments I have for *Aza* are quite different from those I have for you they are what you call *love* in another sense. What pain can this give you ? added I (seeing him grow pale, leave the grate, and look sorrowfully up to heaven) I have this tender love for *Aza*, because he has the same for me, and we were to be united. There is nothing in this that at all concerns you. There should be the same ties, said he, betwixt you and me, as you own betwixt him and you, since I have a thousand times more love than he ever felt

How can that be ? said I, interrupting You are not of my nation Far from having chosen me for your wife, it was chance only that brought us together, and we could never till this day freely communicate our ideas to each other What reason could you have to entertain for me such sentiments as you mention ?

Was any other reason wanting, he replied, than your charms, and your character to attach me to you till death ? Tenderly educated, indolent, an enemy to artifice, the pains it must have cost me to engage the hearts of women, and the dread of not finding there that frankness I desired, gave me only a vague and transient relish for the sex I lived without passion

till the moment I saw you, when your beauty struck me but its impression, perhaps, had been as light as that of many others, if the sweetness and simplicity of your character had not made you appear to me the very object which my imagination had so often formed. You know, *Zilia*, whether I have shewn respect to this object of my adoration. What has it cost me to resist the seducing occasions which the familiarity of a long voyage offered me? How many times must your innocence have surrender'd to my transports, if I had listen'd to them? But, far from offending you, I carried my discretion even to silence: I even required my sister not to say a word to you of my love, willing to owe nothing but to yourself alone. Ah *Zilia*, if so tender a respect does not move you, I will fly but I perceive that my death will be the price of the sacrifice

Your death! cried I (affected at the sincere grief which I saw press him down) fatal sacrifice indeed! I know not whether the apprehension of my own would be more frightful to me

Well then, *Zilia*, said he, if my life is dear to you, order me to live. What must I do? said I. Love me, answered he, as you love *Aza*. I love him always the same, replied I, and shall love him till death. I added, Whether your laws permit you to love two objects in the same manner I know not, but our customs and my heart forbid it. Be content with the sentiments I promise you. I can have no other. Truth is dear to me, and I tell it you without disguise

How you assassinate in cold blood! cried he. Ah *Zilia*! how do I love you, since I adore even your cruel frankness. Well, continued he (after some moments silence) my love shall surpass your cruelty. Your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Speak to me unreservedly with this torturing sincerity what hopes have you with regard to the love you still cherish for *Aza*?

Alas!

Alas ! said I, my hopes are in you only. I then told him, I had learn'd that a communication with the *Indies* was not a thing impossible that I flatter'd myself he would procure me the means of returning thither, or at least, that he would have the goodness to get my knots convey'd to thee, which would inform thee of my condition, and procure me an answer to them, that I might know thy destiny also, and conduct myself accordingly

I am going, said he (with an affected coldness) to take the necessary measures for discovering the fate of your lover you shall be satisfied on that head but in vain do you flatter yourself with seeing the happy *Aza* again, who is separated from you by invincible obstacles

These words, my dear *Aza*, were a mortal blow to my heart my tears flow'd in abundance, and long hindered me from answering *Deterville*, who kept on his side a melancholy silence. If it be so, said I at last, that I shall see him no more, yet will I not live for him the less If your friendship be generous enough to procure us some correspondence, that satisfaction shall suffice to render my life less insupportable, and I shall die content, provided you promise to inform him that I loved him dying

Oh ! this is too much, cried he, rising up briskly. Yes, if it is possible, I will be the only one unhappy You shall know this heart which you disdain : you shall see of what efforts a love like mine is capable, and I will force you at least to lament me. As he spoke these words he sprung away, and left me in a condition which I do not yet well comprehend. I continued standing, my eyes fixed on the door by which *Deterville* went out, plunged in a confusion of thoughts, which I strove in vain to put in order I should have continued there longer, if *Celina* had not come into the parlour

She asked me sharply why her brother was gone so soon, and I did not conceal from her what had passed betwixt us.

At first she seemed to grieve for what she called her brother's misfortune then turning her sorrow into rage, she loaded me with the hardest reproaches, to which I dared not answer a single word What could I have said to her ? My trouble did not leave me the liberty of thinking I went out, and she did not follow me Retiring into my chamber, I staid there a whole day without daring to appear, without speaking to any person, and in such a disorder of mind that did not permit me even to write to thee

Celine's wrath, her brother's despair, and his last words, to which I dared not give a favourable sense, tormented my soul in turns, and gave me the most cruel uneasiness

At last I thought, that the only way to soften my inquietudes, was to paint them to thee, and to search in thy love for those counsels which I have so much need of. This error supported me whilst I was writing but how short a time did it last ? My letter is written, and the characters are drawn for myself only

Thou art ignorant of what I suffer thou dost not even know whether I exist, whether I continue to love thee *Aza*, my dear *Aza*, thou wilt never know these things

L E T T E R XXIV

I May justly call that time an absence, my dear *Aza*, which is elapsed since the last time I wrote to thee

Some days after the conversation I had with *Deter-ville*, I fell into a sickness which they call a *fièvre*. If, as I believe, it was caused by the dolorous passions which then agitated me, I doubt not but it has been lengthened by the sorrowful reflections that have
since

since employ'd me, and by my regret for having lost the friendship of *Celina*

Tho' she seemed to be concerned for my malady, and took of me all the care that was in her power, it was with so cold an air, and so little sympathy in the affliction of my soul, that I cannot doubt but her sentiments towards me are altered. The extreme friendship she has for her brother sets her against me, and she continually reproaches me for having rendered him unhappy. The shame of appearing ungrateful intimidates me. the affected kindnesses of *Celina* torture me. she is constrained by my perplexity, and the soft and agreeable are banished from our conversation.

In spite of so much contrariety and pain from the brother and sister, I am not unaffected with the events which have changed their destiny.

Madame *Deterville* is dead. This unnatural mother has not belied her character, she has left her whole fortune to her eldest son. There are hopes that the lawyers may hinder the effects of this injustice. *Deterville*, disinterested with regard to himself, takes infinite pains to redeem *Celina* from oppression. Her misfortune seems to redouble his friendship for her. besides that he comes to see her every day, he writes to her night and morning. his letters are full of tender complaints against me, and such lively solicitude for my health, that, tho' *Celina* affects, in reading them to me, to inform me only of the progress of their affairs, I can easily discover the motive of this pretence.

I do not doubt but *Deterville* writes them on purpose that they may be read to me. and yet I am persuaded he would not do it, if he knew the heavy reproaches that always follow these lectures. They make their impression upon my heart, and sorrow consumes me.

Hitherto, in the midst of storms, I have enjoy'd the weak satisfaction of living in peace with myself. Not

a spot sullied the purity of my soul, not a remorse troubled it. But now I cannot think, without a sort of contempt for myself, that I should make two persons unhappy to whom I owe my life. How do I interrupt the repose which but for me they would enjoy ! and yet tho' I do them all the harm in my power, I cannot cease to be in this respect criminal. My tenderness for thee triumphs over my remorse. *Aza*, how do I love thee !

L E T T E R XXV.

HOW hurtful, my dear *Aza*, may prudence sometimes be ! I have a long time resisted the powerful instances which *Deterville* had caused to be made to me, that I would grant him a moment's conversation. Alas ! I shunn'd my own happiness. At length, less thro' complaisance than because I was weary of *Celina's* importunity, I suffered myself to be led to the parlour. At sight of the frightful change in *Deterville*, which makes him scarce to me known, I stood confounded, repented already the step I had taken, and waited trembling, for the reproaches which I thought he had a right to lay on me. How could I divine that he was going to fill my soul with pleasure ?

Pardon me *Zilia*, said he, the violence I put on you. I should not have obliged you to see me, if I had not brought you as much joy as you inflict torment on me. Is a moment's sight of you too much to require, in recompence for the cruel sacrifice I am going to make you ? Then, without giving me time to answer, Here, says he, is a letter from that relation you was speaking of. This will inform you of *Aza's* situation, and, in so doing, prove, better than all my oaths, how great is the excess of my love. He then read the letter thro' Oh ! my dear *Aza*, could I
hear

hear it, and not die for joy ? It informed me that thy days are preserved, that thou art free, that thou livest out of danger at the court of *Spain*. What an un-hoped for happiness !

This admirable letter was writ by a man who knows thee, who sees thee, who converses with thee. Perhaps thy looks were fixed a moment upon this precious paper. I could not take mine off from it. It was with pain I suppress'd the joyous exclamations that were ready to escape, and tears of love overflow'd my countenance

If I had followed the motions of my heart, a hundred times should I have interrupted *Deterville*, to tell him all that my gratitude inspired but I did not forget that my felicity would augment his pain, and conceal'd my transports, that only my tears were visible

You see, *Ziha*, said he, after he had done reading, that I have kept my word you are informed of *Aza's* situation What is there more to be done ? Give your orders without constraint there is nothing that you have not a right to exact of my love, provided it contributes to your felicity.

Tho' I might have expected this excess of goodness, it nevertheless surprized and affected me.

I was some moments perplexed for an answer, fearing to aggravate the grief of so generous a man I sought for terms that might express the truth of my heart, without offending the sensibility of his : I could not find them, and yet was oblig'd to speak.

My happiness, said I, will never be without mixture, since I cannot reconcile the duties of love with those of friendship I would regain the friendship both of you and *Celina*, would never leave you, would for ever admire your virtues, and thro' my whole life pay the tribute of gratitude which I owe for your goodness. I know that, in removing to a distance from two persons so dear, I shall carry with me eternal regret. But——

How, *Zilia*, cried he, would you leave us then ?
 Alas ! I was not prepar'd for this fatal resolution,
 and want courage to support it. I had strength
 enough to see you here in the arms of my rival the
 efforts of my reason and the delicacy of my love had
 confirmed me to bear that mortal blow, which I had
 contrived for myself, but I cannot be separated from
 you, I cannot renounce the sight of you. No, you
 shall not depart, continued he with warmth do not
 think of it. you abuse my tenderness, and tear with-
 out pity a heart distracted with love *Zilia* ! cruel
Zilia ! see my despair. it is your work. Alas ! what
 price do you pay for the most pure love !

It is you, answer'd I (frightened at his resolution)
 it is you that ought to be blamed. You wither up my
 very soul by forcing it to be ungrateful, you lay waste
 my heart by a fruitless sensibility ! In the name of
 friendship, do not tarnish a generosity without exam-
 ple by a despair which would cause the bitterness of
 my life, and not render you happy Do not condemn
 in me the same sentiment which you cannot surmount,
 and force me to complain of you unwillingly Let
 me cherish your name, bear it to the end of the world,
 and make it rever'd by people who are the adorers of
 virtue.

I know not how I pronounced these words ; but
Deterville, fixing his eyes upon me, and yet not
 seeming to look, but shut up as it were in himself,
 continued a long time in profound meditation I did
 not dare to interrupt him, and we kept an equal si-
 lence till he resum'd his speech, and with a sort of
 tranquility said to me. Yes, *Zilia*, I know, I feel
 my own injustice. but can one coolly renounce the
 sight of so many charms ? You will have it so,
 and you shall be obey'd O heaven ! what a sacri-
 fice ! My sorrowful days shall roll on, and end with-
 out seeing you At least if death———Let us talk
 on more of it, added he, interrupting himself. my
 weakness betray'd me : give me two days to confirm
 myself,

myself, and I will wait upon you again, that we may together take the measures necessary for your journey. Adieu, *Zilia*. May the happy *Aza* taste all felicity. At saying these words he went out.

I confess to thee, my dear *Aza*, tho' *Deterville* is dear to me, tho' I was deeply affected with his grief. I had too much impatience to enjoy my felicity in peace, not to be very well pleased with his retirement.

How delightful is it, after so much pain, to give one's self up to joy ! I passed the rest of the day in the most tender raptures. I did not write to thee. A letter would have been too little for my heart, it would have recalled thy absence to my mind. I saw thee, I spoke to thee, dear *Aza* ! What had been wanting to my happiness, if thou hadst joined to that precious letter some tokens of thy tenderness ? why didst thou not do it ? They spoke to thee concerning me, thou knowest my situation, and I hear not a word of thy love. But can I doubt of thy heart ? mine is answerable for it. Thou lovest me, thy joy is equal to mine. thou burnest with the same fire, and the same impatience devours thee. Let fear be far from my soul, and joy reign there without mixture. Yet—thou hast embraced the religion of that savage people : What is that religion ? Does it require the same sacrifices as that of *France* ? No. thou wouldst not then have submitted to it.

However that be, my heart is under thy laws : submitted to thy understanding, I will blindly adopt whatever may render us inseparable. How can I fear ? Soon reunited to my bliss, to my being, to my all, I shall hereafter think for thee only, and live for nothing but to love thee.

L E T T E R XXVI.

IT is here, my dear, *Aza*, that I shall see thee again. My felicity increases every day by its particular circumstances. This interview assigned me by *Deterville* is just over, and whatever pleasure I promised myself in surmounting the difficulties of a long journey, of preventing thee, of meeting thy footsteps, I sacrifice it without regret to the happiness of seeing thee sooner.

Deterville has proved to me with such strong evidence that thou may'st be here in less time than I can travel into *Spain*, that tho' he generously left to me the choice, I did not hesitate to wait for thee here, time being too precious to be wasted without necessity.

Perhaps I should have examined this advantage with more care, if, before I had chosen, I had not gained such lights with respect to my journey as determined me in secret what party to take, and that secret I can trust only to thee.

I remember that, in the long route which brought me to *Paris*, *Deterville* gave pieces of silver, and sometimes of gold, at all the places where we stopp'd. I desired to know if this was required of him, or if he did it of mere generosity and was informed, that, in *France*, travellers pay not only for their food, but even for their repose *

Alas ! I have not the least portion of that which would be necessary to satisfy the cravings of this greedy people ; all must come from *Deterville*. Thou knowest what I owe him, and how shameful would it be to contract fresh obligations ! I should accept his favour with a repugnance which nothing
but

* The *Incas* establish'd large houses upon the roads, where all travellers were entertain'd without expence.

but absolute necessity could vanquish : Can I voluntarily make myself a greater debtor to him who has already done and suffered so much for me ? I could not resolve on it, my dear *Aza*, and this reason alone would have determined me to remain here : the pleasure of seeing thee sooner only confirmed my former resolution

Deter-ville has writ in my presence to the *Spanish* minister he presses him to let thee come, and points out to him the means of getting thee conducted hither, with a generosity, warms at once my gratitude and admiration.

How pleasant were the moments that passed while *Deter-ville* was writing ! how delightful to plan out the dispositions for thy journey, to settle the preparations for my happiness, of which I can no longer doubt !

If at first it cost me dear to renounce the design of preventing thy journey, I confess, my dear *Aza*, I have found in so doing the source of a thousand pleasures, which I had not before perceived

Many circumstances, which at first appeared not considerable enough either to hasten or retard my journey, become to me interesting and agreeable I followed blindly the bias of my heart, and forgot that I was coming in search of thee among those cruel *Spaniards*, the very idea of whom strikes me with horror. The certainty of not seeing them any more gives me infinite satisfaction. Tho' the voice of love at first suppressed that of friendship, I now taste without remorse the sweetness of uniting them. *Deter-ville* has assured me that it will be impossible for us ever to revisit the city of the Sun. and, after our own country, can there be a more agreeable place of residence than this of *France* ? It will please thee, my dear *Aza*, tho' sincerity is banish'd from it. Here are so many agreeable things, that they make one forget the dangers of the society.

After what I have said to thee of gold. it is unnecessary to caution thee to take some of it with thee: thou wilt have no other merit. A small part of thy treasures would amaze and confound the pride of the magnificent indigents of this kingdom. thy virtues and thy sentiments will be cherish'd by me only.

Deterville has promised to transmit to thee my knots, and my letters, and assured me that thou wilt find interpreters to explain the latter. They are come to demand my packet, and I must have done. Farewell, dear hope of my life. I will continue to write to thee, and, if I cannot send my letters, will keep them for thee.

How should I support the length of thy journey, if I were to deprive myself of the only means I have of conversing with my joy, my transports, my felicity?

L E T T E R XXVII

SINCE I know my letters to be upon the road, my dear *Aza*, I enjoy a tranquility to which I was before a stranger. I think for ever of the pleasure thou wilt have in receiving them. I see and partake thy transports. my soul admits only agreeable ideas, and, to compleat my joy, peace is again re-established in our little society.

The judges have restor'd to *Celina* the effects of which her mother had deprived her. she sees her lover every day, and her marriage is retarded only by the necessary preparations that are making for it. Thus happy to her wishes, she thinks no more of quarrelling with me, and I have as much obligations to her, as if the kindnesses she begins again to shew me were owing to her friendship. Whatever the motive be, we are always in debt to those who help us to the enjoyment of agreeable sentiments.

This morning she made me fully sensible of it by an act of complaisance, which at once transported me from tiresome anxiety to the most calm tranquility,

They had brought her a prodigious quantity of stuffs, garments, and toys of all kinds. She ran and fetch'd me into her chamber, and, after having consulted me upon the different beauties of so many ornaments, she put together a heap of those which had most attracted my attention, and hastily commanded our *Chinas* to carry them into my apartment, tho' I opposed it with all my power. My refusal at first diverted her only, but perceiving that the more I declined the present, the more she persisted in making it, I could no longer dissemble my resentment.

Why, said I to her (with my eyes full of tears) why will you humble me more than I am? I owe to you life, and all I have. but so much bounty is not necessary to keep my misfortunes in remembrance. I know that, according to your Laws, when benefits are of no advantage to those who receive them, the shame is effaced. It is not without repugnance, added I in a more moderate tone, that I conform to sentiments which have so little of nature in them. Our customs are more humane: he that receives is honoured as much as he that gives. you have taught me to think otherwise, and is not this, therefore, to offer me an outrage?

This amiable friend, melted by my tears more than irritated by my reproaches, answer'd in the most kind and gentle tone. Both my brother and I, my dear *Züha*, would be far from offending your delicacy. It would ill become us, as you shall know presently, to affect magnificence in our behaviour to you. I only desired that you would partake with me the presents of a generous brother, and I knew this was the most certain method of shewing him my gratitude. Custom, in my situation, authorises me to offer you these things. but, since you are offended, I will say no more

to you upon the subject You promise me then ? said I Yes, answer'd she with a smile , but give me leave to write a word or two to *Deterville*

I let her do as she desired, and gaiety was restored betwixt us, We began to examine her dress more particularly, till she was called into the parlour She would have had me go with her but, my dear *Aza*, can I have any amusement comparable to that of writing to thee ? Far from seeking any other, I am apprehensive before-hand of the diversions intended for me.

Celina is going to be married, and she talks of taking me with her she would have me quit this religious house, and live in hers But, if I may be believed — — — — —

Aza, my dear *Aza*, by what an agreeable surprize was my letter interrupted ' I believed I had for ever lost this precious monument of our antient splendor , I had even left off the thinking of it but now I am surrounded with the magnificence of *Peru* I see it, I feel it, and scarce can I believe my eyes or my hands.

Whilst I was writing to thee, *Celina* came into my chamber, followed by four men crouching under the weight of heavy chests which they had on their backs. They sat them down and retired, and I imagined they had brought some new presents from *Deterville*. I already murmur'd to myself, when *Celina*, giving me some keys, said , Open, *Zilia*, open without being angry . it comes from *Aza*

Truth, which I fix inseparably to the idea of thee, did not leave me in the least doubt I opened hastily, and my surprize confirmed my error, when I saw that all which I beheld were the ornaments of the temple of the Sun

A confusion of thoughts, mixed up of sorrow and joy, of pleasure and regret, filled all my heart I threw myself prostrate before these sacred remains of

our worship and our altars, covered them with respectful kisses, watered them with my tears, and could not be disengaged from them : I even forgot that *Celina* was present, till she roused me from my trance by giving me a letter, which she desired me to read.

Still given up to my error, I thought it came from thee, and my transports redoubled but, tho' I made it out with pain, I soon perceived that it was *Deterville's* writing. It will be easier for me to copy it, my dear *Aza*, than to explain to thee the sense of it.

D E T E R V I L L E ' S B I L L E T .

“ These treasures are yours, fair *Zilia*, since I
 “ found them in the ship that carried you Some dis-
 “ putes, that arose among the crew, hindered me
 “ from disposing of them freely till now. I would
 “ have presented them to you myself, but the unea-
 “ siness you discovered to my sister this morning
 “ would not permit me to follow my inclination. I
 “ could not too soon dissipate your fears, and I will
 “ all my life long prefer your satisfaction to mine.”

I confess with a blush, my dear *Aza*, that I was at that instant less sensible of *Deterville's* generosity, than of my own pleasure that I was able to give him proofs of mine.

Immediately I set apart a vase, which chance, rather than avarice, had caused to fall into the hands of the *Spamards*. It was the same (my heart knew it) which thy lips touch'd on that day when it was thy pleasure to taste some *Aca** prepared by my hand. Richer in this treasure than in all the rest that was restored to me, I called the men who brought the chests, and would have had them take the whole back again

* A drink of the *Indians*.

as a present to *Deterville*. but *Celina* opposed my design

How unjust you are, *Zelia*! said she What, would you, who were offended at the offer of a trifle, desire my brother to accept of immense riches? Observe equity in your own actions, if you would inspire others with it

These words struck me, and I perceived there was more of pride and vengeance than of generosity in my action How near do the vices and virtues approach to each other! I confessed my fault, and asked *Celina*'s pardon but what afflicted me the most was the constraint she laid me under, not to endeavour to repair what I had done Do not punish me said I, with a timid air, as much as I deserve: disdain not to accept of a few specimens of the workmanship of our unfortunate countries you have no need of them, and my request ought not to give you offence.

While I spoke, I observed that *Celina* look'd attentively at some golden shrubs, with buds and insects on them of excellent workmanship. I instantly made her a present of them, together with a small silver basket, which I filled with flowers and shells most curiously imitated She accepted it with a goodness that transported me

I afterwards chose out several idols of the *nations conquer'd by thy ancestors, and a small statue † representing a virgin of the Sun to these I added a tyger, a lion, and other courageous animals, and be-
fought

* The *Incas* caused the idols of the people they subdued to be deposited in the temple of the Sun, after they had conformed to the worship of that luminary They had idols also themselves, the *Inca Huayna* having consulted that of *Rimace*. See the history of the *Incas*.

† The *Incas* adorned their houses with statues of gold of all magnitudes, even to gigantic sizes.

fought her to send them to *Deterville*. Write to him then, said she with a smile . without a letter from you, the presents will not be well receiv'd.

I was too well satisfied to refuse any thing, and wrote all that my gratitude dictated and when *Celina* was gone out, I distributed small presents to her *China* and mine, and put others aside for my writing-master. Then it was that I enjoy'd the delicious pleasure of being able to give.

I did not do this without choice, my dear *Aza*. All that came from thee, whatever thou wilt particularly remember, has not gone out of my hands.

The golden chair *, which was kept in the temple for the visiting days of the *Capa-Inca*, thy august father, placed in a corner of my apartment, in form of a throne, represents to me thy grandeur, and the majesty of thy rank. The great figure of the Sun, which I myself saw torn from the temple by the perfidious *Spaniards*, suspended over it excites my veneration. I fall down before it, and adore it in mind, while my heart belongs all to thee.

The two palm-trees, which thou gavest to the Sun as an offering, and a pledge of the faith thou hadst sworn to me, placed on the two sides of the throne, continually revive in my mind thy tender and affectionate oaths.

Flowers, birds, † disposed with symmetry in all the corners of my apartment, form in miniature the image of those magnificent gardens, where I have so often entertained myself with thy idea.

My satisfied eyes can fix in no part without calling to mind thy love, my joy, my bliss, in a word all that will ever constitute the life of my life.

L E T-

* The *Incas* never sit but upon seats of massy gold.

† The gardens of the temple, and those of the royal palaces, were filled with various kinds of imitations in gold and silver. The *Peruvians* made images even of the plant *Mays*, with which they would fill whole fields.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

IT was in vain, my dear *Axa*, that I endeavour-
ed by prayers, complaints, and remonstrances,
to avoid quitting my retreat. I have been obliged to
give way to *Culina's* importunities, and we have
been now three days in the country, where her mar-
riage was celebrated at our first arrival.

What pain. what regret, what grief did I not feel
at abandoning the dear and precious ornaments of my
solitude ! Alas ! scarce had I had time to enjoy them,
and I see nothing here to make amends for what I
have lost !

The joys and pleasures with which every one here
seems intoxicated, are so far from diverting and
amusing me, that they make me remember with
greater regret the peaceable days I spent in writing
to, or at least in thinking of, thee.

The diversions of this country appear to me as af-
fected and unnatural as the manners. They consist
of a violent gaiety, express'd by loud laughter, in
which the soul seems to take no part ; of insipid
games, in which money makes all the pleasure, or
else in conversations so frivolous, in which the same
things are continually repeated, that they resemble
rather the chattering of birds than the discourse of
thinking beings.

The young men, who are here in great number,
were at first very busy in following and seeming to
oblige me. but, whether the coldness of my con-
versation has disgusted them, or that my little relish
for their entertainments has made them weary of
taking pains to recommend their services, two days
only were sufficient to make them forget me, and de-
liver me from their importunate notice.

The propensity of the *French* is so natural to ex-
tremes, that *Deterville*, tho' exempt from a great
part

part of the faults of his nation, does yet participate of this.

Not content with keeping the promise he has made of not speaking his sentiments any more to me, he with remarkable caution avoids staying where I am present - so that tho' we are obliged to see one another continually, I have not yet found an opportunity of talking with him.

By the sorrow that oppresses him amidst the public joy, I can easily perceive that in this shyness he commits a violence on himself. Perhaps I ought to be oblig'd to him for it. but I have so many questions to ask him about thy departure from *Spain*, thy arrival here, and other such interesting subjects, that I cannot pardon while I am forced to approve his conduct. I desire violently to oblige him to speak to me; but the dread of reviving his complaints and regrets prevents my doing it.

Celina, intirely taken up with her new spouse, affords me no relief, and the rest of the company are not agreeable to me. Thus, alone in the midst of a tumultuous assembly, I have no amusement, but my thoughts, which are all addressed to thee, my dear *Axa*, thou shalt ever be the sole confident of my heart, my pleasures, my felicity.

L E T T E R XXIX.

I Was much to blame, my dear *Axa*, in desiring so earnestly a conversation with *Deterville*. He hath said but too much to me. tho' I disavow the trouble that he has excited in my soul, it is not yet effaced.

I know not what sort of impatience was added yesterday to my usual melancholy. the World and the noise of it became to me more troublesome than ordinary, Except the tender satisfaction of *Celina* and
her

her husband, every thing that I saw inspired me with an indignation bordering on contempt. Ashamed to find such unjust sentiments in my heart, I endeavoured to hide the perplexity they caused me in the most retired part of the garden.

Scarce had I sat me down at the foot of a tree, before the tears involuntarily flow'd down my cheeks. With my face hid betwixt my hands, I was buried in so profound a reverie, that *Deterville* was on his knees by the side of me before I perceived him.

Be not offended, *Zilia*, said he . it is chance that has brought me to your feet, I was not looking after you . Weary of the tumult, I was coming to enjoy my sorrow in peace . I perceived you, and struggled with myself to keep at a distance from you . but I am too unhappy to continue so without seeking relief . In pity to myself I drew near, I saw your tears flow, and was no longer master of my powers.—But, if you command me to fly from you, I will obey. Can you do it, *Zilia*? Am I odious to you?—No, said I, on the contrary, sit down, I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you since your last benefits —Let us not talk of them, interrupted he briskly —But hear me, replied I to be entirely generous you must listen to acknowledgment . I have not spoken to you since you restor'd to me the precious ornaments of the temple in which I was educated. Perhaps in my letter I badly express'd the sentiments that such an excess of goodness inspired me with . but I meant —Alas ! interrupted he again, what comfort does acknowledgment bring to a heart that is wretched ? Thanks are the companions of indifference , and too often allied with hatred

What is that you dare think ? cried I. Ah ! *Deterville*, what a right should I have to reproach you, if you were not so much to be pitied ? Far from hating you, ever since the first moment I saw you, I have depended on you with less repugnance than on the *Spaniards*. Your gentleness and kindness have
made

made me all along desire to gain your friendship, in proportion as I saw farther into your character I am confirmed in the opinion that you deserve all mine, and without speaking of the extreme obligations I have to you (since my acknowledgment displeases) how could I help entertaining the sentiments which are so justly your due ?

Your virtues alone I found worthy of the simplicity of ours a son of the Sun would be honour'd by your sentiments your reason is like that of nature : How many motives then had I to esteem you ? Even the nobleness of your figure, and every thing about you pleases me : for friendship has eyes as well as love. Heretofore, after a short absence, you never came to me again but I felt a sort of serenity expand in my heart Why have you changed those innocent pleasures into pains and anxieties ?

Your reason now appears but in starts only, and I am continually afraid of those sallies The sentiments you entertain me with lay a restraint on the expression of mine, and deprive me of the pleasure of describing to you, without disguise, the charms I could taste in your friendship, if you did not yourself disturb the sweetness of it You even take from me the delicate pleasure of looking on my benefactor your eyes perplex mine, and I no more observe in them that agreeable tranquility, which hath sometimes passed to my very soul. Your constant and settled melancholy reproaches me eternally with being the cause of it Ah *Deterville* ! how unjust are you, if you think you suffer alone

My dear *Zulia*, cried he (kissing my hand with ardour) what an addition does your kindness and frankness of speech make to my regret ! What a treasure would the possession of such a heart as yours be ! But with what aggravated despair do you make me sensible of the loss of it !

Mighty *Zilia*, continued he, how great is your power? Was it not enough to convert me from the most careless indifference to love, from indolence to fury, but you must vanquish me too? Can I bear it?—Yes, said I, this effort is worthy of your noble heart an action so just and generous elevates you above mortals. But can I survive it? resum'd he sorrowfully. Do not hope, however, that I shall serve for the victim of your love. I will continue still to adore your Idea, which shall be the bitter nourishment of my soul. I will love you, and see you no more. Oh! but at least do not forget.—

The rising sobs choak'd his speech, and he hastily endeavoured to hide the tears which overflow'd his face. Affected equally with his generosity and his grief, I shed some myself, and press'd one of his hands in mine. No, said I, you shall not leave me. Let me still keep my friend, and be you satisfied with those sentiments which I shall have for you all my life long. I love you almost as much as I love *Aza*, but I cannot love you in the same manner as him.

Cruel *Zilia*, cried he with transport, will you always accompany your goodness with such piercing strokes? Must a mortal poison continually destroy the charm that you convey with your words? How senseless am I to be bewitch'd by their sweetness! to what a shameful humility do I degrade myself! But 'tis done, I recover myself, added he in a firm tone. Farewel, you shall soon see *Aza*; may he not make you feel torments like those which prey on me, may he be such as your desire makes him, and worthy of your heart!

You cannot conceive, my dear *Aza*, what an alarm the air he pronounced these words in gave to my soul. I could not guard against the suspicious that came crowding into my mind. I did not doubt but *Deter-ville* was better informed than he cared to appear, and had conceal'd from me some letters that he had
received

ceived from *Spain*. In short (shall I dare pronounce it?) I suspected that thou wert unfaithful

I intreated him, in the strongest manner, to tell me the truth: but all that I could get out of him amounted only to loose conjectures, which had an equal tendency to confirm and to destroy my fears

However, reflections upon the inconstancy of men, the dangers of absence, and the facility with which thou hadst changed thy religion, remained deeply graven upon my mind,

Now did my love, for the first time, become to me a painful sentiment now was I, for the first time, afraid of losing thy heart. *Aza*, if it were true, if thou didst not love me, would that my death had separated us, rather than thy inconstancy!

No; it was his own despair that suggested to *Deterville* these frightful ideas. Ought not his trouble and distraction to convince me of it? should not his self interest, which makes him speak, be called in question by me? It was so my dear *Aza*, and my resentment turned all against him. I treated him roughly, and he quitted me in desperate fury

Alas! was I less desperate than he? What torments did I not suffer, before I found again the repose of my heart? Is it yet well confirmed? *Aza*! I love thee so tenderly, canst thou forget me?

L E T T E R XXX.

THY journey, my dear *Aza*, seems to me very long. How ardently do I desire thy arrival! Time has dissipated my inquietudes, and I now esteem them only as a dream of which the light of the day has effaced the impression. I accuse myself of a crime in having suspected thee, and my repentance redoubles my tenderness: it has almost rooted out my compassion for the pains of *Deterville*. I cannot pardon

H

don

don him for the ill opinion he seems to have of thee, and I have less regret than ever in being as it were separated from him.

We have been at *Paris* a fortnight, and I live with *Celina* in her husband's house, which is so distant from that of her brother, that I am not obliged to see him every hour. He often comes hither to eat but *Celina* and I live together in such a hurry, that he has not leisure to speak with me in private.

Since our return, we employ part of the day in the tiresome work of dressing ourselves, and the rest in what they call here paying of visits.

These two occupations seem to me quite as unprofitable as they are fatiguing, if the latter did not procure me the means of informing myself more particularly of the customs of the country.

At my arrival in *France*, not understanding the language, I could judge of things only by their outside. As I had little instruction in the religious house, I found the country turned to no better account, where I saw only a particular society, with which I was too much tired to examine it. It is here only, that, by conversing with what they call the great world, I see the whole nation.

The visits or *devoirs* that we pay, consist in going to as great a number of houses as possible, there to give and receive a reciprocal tribute of praise upon the beauty of our faces and shapes, the excellence of our taste, and the judicious choice of our dresses.

It was not long before I discovered the reason that made us take so much pains to acquire this homage. I find it is, because there is a necessity of receiving in person this momentary incense for no sooner does any one disappear, but she takes another form. The charms that were found in her that goes out, serve only to make a contemptuous comparison, in order to establish the perfections of her who comes in.

Coquetry is the reigning taste of the *French*, as incoherence is the character of the nation. In their books
you

you find the general criticism of human manners, and in their conversation that of every particular person, provided he be absent

What they call the mode has not altered the ancient usage of saying freely all the ill they can of others, and sometimes even more than they think. People of the best behaviour follow the custom, and are distinguished only by a certain formal apology they make for their frankness and love of truth. which once over they reveal the faults, the ridicules, and even the vices of others without scruple, not sparing even their best friends

As the sincerity which the *French* use to one another is without exception, so their reciprocal confidence is without bounds. One need have neither eloquence to be heard, nor probity to obtain belief. Every thing is said, every thing is received, with the same levity

Yet I would not have you think, my dear *Aza*, that the *French* are in general born with bad inclinations. I should be more unjust than they if I left you in such an error

Naturally susceptible of virtuous sentiments, I never saw one of them that was not melted at the history, which they oblige me often to give them, of the rectitude of our hearts, the candour of our sentiments and the simplicity of our manners. If they lived amongst us, they would become virtuous but example and custom are the tyrants by which they are sway'd

A man of good sense speaks ill of the absent, because he would not be despised by those who are present. another would be honest, humane, and without pride, if he did not fear being ridiculous, and a third becomes ridiculous through such qualities as would make him a model of perfection if he dared to exert them, and assume his just merit

In a word, my dear *Aza*, their vices are artificial as well as their virtues, and the frivolousness of their

Character permits them to be but imperfectly what they are. Like the play-things they give their children, these whimsical people show only a faint resemblance of the thinking beings they should appear. You have weight, softness, colour,⁴ and upon the whole a fair outside, without any real value. Accordingly they are esteemed by other nations only as the pretty toys and trifles of society. Good sense smiles at their genteel airs, and coldly ranks them in their proper place.

Happy the nation which has nature only for its guide, truth for its mover, and virtue for its principle!

L E T T E R XXXI.

IT is not surprizing, my dear *Aza*, that incoherence is a consequence of the airy character of the *French* but I cannot be enough surpris'd that they, with as much or more penetration than any other nation, seem not to perceive the shocking contradictions which foreigners remark in them at the first sight.

Among the great number of those which strike me every day, I do not see any one that more dishonours their understanding than their manner of thinking with regard to women. They respect them, my dear *Aza*, and at the same time despise them with equal excess.

The first law of their politeness, or virtue (I do not know that they have any other) regards the women. A man of the highest rank owes the utmost complaisance to a woman of the most vile condition, and would blush for Shame, and think himself ridiculous in the highest degree, if he offered her any personal insult. And yet a man of the least consideration and credit may deceive and betray a woman of merit, and blacken her reputation without fear of either blame or punishment.

If I was not assured that thou wilt soon be a judge of these things thyself, scarce should I dare paint to thee such contrasts as the simplicity of our minds cannot without pain conceive. Docile to the notions of nature, our genius proceeds no farther: we have found that the strength and courage of one sex indicates that it ought to be the support and defence of the other, and our laws are conformable to this discovery*. Here, far from compassionating the weakness of women, those of the common people, tied down to labour, have no relief either from the laws or their Husbands. Those of more elevated rank, the prey either of the seduction or malice of men, have no recompence for their perfidies, except a shew of merely imaginary outside respect, which is continually followed by the most biting satire.

I perfectly well perceived, when I first conversed in the world here, that the habitual censure of the nation falls principally upon the women, and that the men do not despise one another without some caution or reserve. I looked for the cause of this in their good qualities, when an accident reveal'd it to me among their defects.

In all the houses we have entered for two days past, we have been told of the death of a young man killed by one of his friends, and the barbarous action is approved of for no other reason, but because the dead had spoken to the disadvantage of the living. This new extravagance seemed of so serious a character as to deserve my exactest enquiry. Upon information, my dear *Aza*, I learn'd that a man is obliged to expose his life to take away that of another, if he hears that this other has been talking against him, or to banish himself from society, if he refuses to take so cruel a vengeance. I wanted to be told no more, in order to form a clear idea of what I sought. It is certain that the men, naturally

* The *Peruvian* laws dispence the women from all hard bodily labour.

turally cowards, without shame, and without remorse, are afraid only of corporal punishments. And if the women were authorised to punish the outrages offered them in the same manner, as the men are oblig'd to revenge the slightest insult offered to one another, such persons as we see now well received in society, would not be so any longer. The slanderer must retire into a desert, and there hide his malice and his shame. But cowards have nothing to fear, and have too well founded this abuse to see it ever abolish'd.

Impudence and effrontery are the first sentiments that the men are inspired with. Timidity, gentleness, and patience, are the sole virtues that are cultivated in the women. How then are these to avoid being the victims of impunity?

O my dear *Aza*, let not the brilliant vices of a nation, otherwise charming, gives us a disgust of the natural simplicity of our own manners! Let us not forget, thou, the obligation thou art under to be my example, my guide, and my support in the path of virtue, I, the duty that lies on me to preserve thy esteem and thy love, by imitating my model, even by surpassing it if possible, and meriting a respect founded on virtue, and not on a frivolous custom.

L E T T E R XXXII.

OUR visits and fatigues, my dear *Aza*, could not end more agreeably. What a delicious day did I spend yesterday! How pleasant are already the new obligations, which *Détreville* and his sister confer on me, and how dear they will be when I can partake them with thee!

After two days rest, we set out yesterday morning from *Paris*, *Clina*, her brother, her husband, and I, to go, as she told me, and pay a visit to the best of her friends. The journey was not long, and we arrived early in the day at a country-house, the situa-

tion and avenues of which appeared to me admirable ; but what astonished me at going in was, to find all the doors open, and not to meet a single person.

This house, too pretty to be abandoned, too small to hide the people which should inhabit it, seemed to me a kind of enchantment. I was diverted with the thought, and asked *Celina* if we were in the dwelling of one of those faries of whom she had made me read the histories, where the mistress of the mansion and her domestics, were all invisible

You shall see the mistress, answered she ; but, as important affairs have called her away for the whole day, she has charged me to prevail on you to do the honours of her house during her absence. She added, laughing, Let us see how you will get off. I came readily into the joke, and put on a serious air to copy the compliments which I had heard made on like occasions. They told me I acquitted myself pretty well.

After amusing ourselves for some time in this manner, *Celina* said, This politeness would be sufficient to give us a good reception at *Paris*, but, madam, something more must be done in the country. Will you not have the goodness to ask us to dinner ?

Upon this head, said I, I am not knowing enough to give you satisfaction, and I begin to fear that your friend has relied too much on my care. I know a remedy for that, answered *Celina* ; if you will only take the pains to write your name, you shall see that it is not so difficult as you think to treat your friends well. You give me comfort, said I ; let me write immediately,

I had no sooner pronounced these words, but I saw a man come in dressed in black, with a standish in his hand, and paper, already writ upon. They placed it before me, and I wrote my name where I was directed.

At that instant another well-looking man appeared

ed, who invited us, in the usual manner, to attend him into the dining room.

We there found a table covered with equal propriety and magnificence. Scarce were we seated when delightful musick began to be heard in the next room : nothing, in short, was wanting that could render a repast agreeable. *Deteraville* himself seemed to have forgot his melancholy in order to make us merry, he expressed his passion to me in a thousand manners, but always in a pleasant tone, without complaints or reproaches.

The day was serene, and, with common consent, we agreed to walk when we arose from table. We found the gardens much more extensive than the house seemed to promise; art and symmetry made themselves admired by uniting to render the charms of simple nature more transporting.

The end of our walk was a wood, which terminates this fine garden. there sitting all four on a delightful turf, we began already to indulge that reverie which natural beauties naturally inspire, when, through the trees, we saw coming on one side a company of peasants, properly dressed in their manner, preceded by some instruments of music, and, on the other side, a company of young women, dressed in white, their heads adorned with flowers of the field, who sung in a rustic, but melodious manner, songs, in which, to my surprise, I heard my own name often repeated.

My astonishment was much greater, when the two companies being come up to us, the most distinguished man quitted his, kneeled down on one knee, and presented to me, in a large bason, several keys, with a compliment, which my perplexity did not suffer me to understand. I only comprehended in it, that being the chief of the villagers in that country, he came to do me homage in quality of their sovereign, and present me with the keys of the house of which I was also the mistress.

As soon as he had ended his harangue, he rose to make room for the prettiest of the young damsels -
the

she presented me with a bundle of flowers adorned with ribbands, which she accompanied also with a short discourse in my praise, delivered with a good grace

I was too much confused, my dear *Aza*, to answer eulogies which I so little deserved, otherwise, every thing that passed had an air so resembling that of truth, that many times I could not help believing what nevertheless I thought incredible. This thought produced an infinite many others, and my mind was so engaged, that it was impossible for me to speak a word. If my confusion was diverting to the company, it was not so to myself

Deterville was the first who took pity of me he made a sign to his sister, who, after having given some pieces of gold to the lads and lasses, and told them that those were the earnest of my kindness towards them, arose, and proposed to take a turn into the wood. I followed her with pleasure, intending to have reproached her heartily for the disorder she had put me into but I had not time, for scarce had we taken half a dozen steps before she stopped, and, looking on me with a smiling countenance, Confess, *Züha*, said she, that you are very angry with us, and that you will be more so if I tell you that this land and this house do in very truth belong to you

To me? cried I. Ah *Celina*, whether it be an affront or a joke, you carry it too far. Hear me, said she, more seriously if my brother has disposed of some parts of your treasure to purchase it, and, instead of the disagreeable formalities that would have been otherwise necessary, reserved to you only the surprise when the thing was done, would you hate us mortally for so doing? Cannot you pardon us for having procured you, at all events, such a dwelling as you have appeared to like, and for having secured to you an independent life? You, this morning, signed the authentic deed that puts you in possession of both.

I

Murmur

Murmur at us as much as you please, added she, smiling again, if nothing of all this is agreeable to you

Oh my amiable friend ! cried I, throwing myself at her feet, I have too lively a sense of your generous cares to express my acknowledgment These few words were all I was able to utter, my secret wish having before been to have such an independency. Melting in rapturous transports, while I reflected on the pleasure I should have in consecrating to thee this charming abode, the multitude of my sentiments stifled the expressions of them I embraced *Celina*, who returned my caresses with the same tenderness; and, after having given me time to recover myself, we returned to her brother and her husband

Trouble seized me again when I came near *Deterville*, and caused a fresh perplexity in my expressions. I gave him my hand, which he kissed without speaking a word, and turned aside to hide the tears he could not contain, which I took for signs of his satisfaction on seeing me so contented. I was so moved myself as to shed some likewise *Celina's* husband, less concerned than we at what had passed, soon turned the conversation again into a pleasant vein he complimented me on my new dignities, and prevailed on me to return to the house, in order, as he said, to examine the defects of it, and shew *Deterville* that his taste was not so good as he flattered himself

Shall I confess to thee, my dear *Aza*, that every thing on our way seemed now to put on a new form, that the flowers appeared more beautiful, the trees more verdant, and the symmetry of the garden better laid out ?

I found more conveniency in the house, more riches in the furniture, and the smallest trifle became now a matter of concern to me

I ran through the apartments in such a rapture of joy, that I did not examine any thing minutely the only place I stopped in was a room moderately large,
surrounded

surrounded with cases curiously wrought, and covered with gold, in which there were a great number of books of all colours, of all forms, and admirably neat. I was so enchanted, that I thought I could not have left them till I had read them all. but *Celina* pulled me away, putting me in mind of a golden key which *Deterville* had given me. We endeavoured to make use of it, but our endeavours would have been vain, if he had not shewn us the door it was to open. which was so artificially concealed in the wainscot, that it had been impossible to discover it without knowing the secret.

I opened it lastly, and stood immovable at the sight of the magnificence it had enclosed.

It was a closet all brilliant with glass and painting; the ground of the wainscot was green, adorned with figures extremely well designed, and imitating part of the sports and ceremonies of the city of the Sun, in such manner as I had related them to *Deterville*.

Virgins were seen there represented in a thousand places, in the same dresses that I wore when I came into *France*, and I was even told that they were like me.

The ornaments of the temple, which I had left in the religious house, supported by gilt pyramids, adorned all the corners of this magnificent cabinet. The figure of the Sun, suspended in the midst of a ceiling painted with the most beautiful colours of the heavens, completed, by its lustre, the embellishment of this charming solitude, and commodious moveable, suited to the paintings, rendered the whole delicious.

In examining more nearly what I was ravished to find again, I perceived that the golden chair was wanting. though I avoided speaking of it. *Deterville* guessed my thoughts, and seized that moment to express himself. You search in vain, said he, fair *Zelia* the chair of the *Incas*, by a magical power, is transformed into a horse, a garden, and an estate. if

I have not employed my own science in this metamorphosis, it was not without regret, but it was necessary to respect your delicacy. See here, added he, (opening a little buffet that was dexterously sunk into the wall) these are the remains of the magical operation. At the same time he shewed me a strong box of pieces of gold, all of the *French* currency. You know, continued he, that this is not one of the least necessary things among us, and I thought it my duty to preserve you a small provision of it.

I began to express my grateful thanks, and the admiration I was in of so many preventing cares, when *Celina* interrupted me, and pulled me into a room by the side of this marvellous closet. I would, said she, shew you the power of my art also. Large drawers were then opened, full of rich silks, linens, ornaments, in a word, of whatever is worn in the dress of women, all in such abundance, that I could not help laughing, and asking *Celina* how many years she desired me to live, to make use of so many fine things? As long as I and my brother live, answered she. And for my part, replied I, I desire you may both live as long as I love you, and I am sure you will not die before me.

As I ended these words we returned into the temple of the Sun (which is the name they gave to that wonderful closet) and, having at last freedom of utterance, I expressed the sentiments of my heart just as I felt them. What goodness! what a train of virtues in these proceedings of the brother and sister!

We spent the rest of the day in the delights of confidence and friendship. I endeavoured to regale them at supper still more gayly than I had done at dinner. I gave orders freely to the servants, which I knew to be mine; joked upon my authority and opulence, and did all in my power to render their own benefits agreeable to my benefactors.

I fancied,

I fancied, however, that I perceived, in proportion as time wore away, that *Deterville* fell again into his melancholy, and even that *Celina* let drop some tears between whiles but they both so readily resumed a serene air, that I again thought myself deceived

I endeavoured to prevail on them to stay some days, and enjoy with me the good fortune they had procured. This I could not obtain we came back the same night, promising ourselves to return speedily to my enchanted castle

O my dear *Aza*, how great will be my felicity when I can inhabit it with thee !

L E T T E R XXXIII.

TH E sorrow of *Deterville* and his sister, my dear *Aza*, has continued to augment since our return from my enchanted palace They are both so dear to me, that I could not forbear being earnest with them to discover to me the motive of it, but, seeing them obstinately silent upon the subject. I did not doubt but some new misfortune had retarded my journey ; and, in a short time, my uneasiness of which I did not dissemble the cause, overcame the resolution of my amiable friends

Deterville confessed that he had determined to conceal from me the day of thy arrival, in order to surprize me but that my iniquitude made him relinquish his design in fact, he shewed me a letter from the guide which he caused to be appointed thee, and by the calculation of the time, and the place where it was wrote, he made me understand that thou may'st be here to-morrow, to-day, this very moment, in short, that I have no more time to measure till the instant arrives which will crown all my vows

Having gone thus far, *Deterville* did not hesitate telling me all the rest of his dispositions he shewed me the apartment which he destined for thee for thou wilt lodge here till, united together, decency permits us to inhabit my delicious castle I will not lose sight of thee any more, nothing shall separate us *Deterville* has provided every thing, and convinced me more than ever of the excess of his generosity.

After he had given me these informations, I was no longer to seek for the cause of that sorrow which devours him It is thy near arrival I pity him, I compassionate his grief, and wish him an happiness, independent of my sentiments, which may be a worthy recompence of his virtue.

I dissemble even a part of the transports of my joy, that I may not irritate his pain. This is all I can do : but my own felicity engages me too much for me to keep it entirely hidden therefore, though I believe thee very near me, though my heart leaps at the least noise, though I interrupt my letter almost at every word to run to the window, yet I continue writing to thee, finding this relief to the transport of my heart necessary Thou art near me, 'tis true. but is thy absence less real than if we were full separated by the seas ? I do not see thee : thou canst not hear me why then should I cease to converse with thee by the only means in my power ? But a moment more, and I shall see thee, but this moment does not yet exist. Can I better employ so much of thy absence as I am yet to bear, than by painting to thee the vivacity of my tenderness ? Alas ! thou hast hitherto seen it breathing in sighs only ! Let that time be far from me ! with what transport it will be effaced from my memory ! *Aza*, dear *Aza* ! how sweet is that name to me ! Very soon I shall no longer call thee in vain thou wilt hear me, and fly to my voice The most tender expressions of my heart shall be the reward of thy laste —— I am

interrupted

interrupted. it is not by thee, and yet I must quit this conversation with thee.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA

WERE you able, Sir, to foresee, without repentance, the mortal chagrin you were going to join to the happiness you had prepared for me? How could you have the cruelty to cause your departure to be preceded by such agreeable circumstances, by such weighty motives of gratitude, unless it were to render me more sensible of your despair and your absence? Though but two days ago wrapt up in the sweets of friendship, I now feel the most bitter pains.

Celina, all afflicted as she is, has but too well executed your orders. She presented to me *Aza* with one hand, and your cruel letter with the other. At the completion of my vows grief darted through my soul. While I found the object of my tender love, I did not forget that I lost that of all my other sentiments. Ah *Deterville*! how inhuman this once is your love. But do not hope to execute your unjust resolution to the utmost. The sea shall not make a total separation betwixt persons so dear to each other: my name shall reach you. you shall receive my letters, you shall hear my prayers. blood and friendship shall resume their rights over your heart, and you shall restore yourself to a family, to which I am responsible for your loss.

What! in recompence of so many benefits, shall I poison your days, and those of your sister? Shall I break so tender an union? Shall I fix despair in your hearts, while I still enjoy your bounties? No think not of it. I look on myself with horror in a house

which I fill with mourning I acknowledge your cares in the good treatment I receive from *Celina*, at the very time when I could pardon her for hating me. But whatever those cares are, I renounce them all, and remove for ever from a place which I cannot bear, unless you return.

Deterville, how very blind you are! What error is it that hurries you away in a design so contrary to your views? You would render me happy, and you only make me culpable you would dry up my tears, and you make them flow by your absence you destroy all the fruit of your sacrifice.

Alas! you would have found but too much delight in that interview which you dreaded as so very formidable! Thus *Aza*, the object of so much love, is no more the same *Aza* that I have painted to you in such tender colours. The coldness of his approach, the praises of the *Spaniards*, with which he a hundred times interrupted the soft overflowings of my soul, the offensive curiosity, which snatched him from my transports to visit the rarities of *Paris*, all make me in dread of ills at which my heart shudders. Oh *Deterville*! perhaps you may not be long the most unhappy.

If compassion of yourself can work nothing on you, let the duties of friendship call you back friendship is the only asylum of unfortunate love. If the ills that I dread should overwhelm me, what will you not have to reproach yourself with? If you abandon me, where shall I find a heart sensible of my pains? Shall generosity, hitherto the most potent of your passions, give way at last to discontented love? No, I cannot believe it. such a weakness would be unworthy of you you are incapable of delivering yourself up to it but come and convince me, if you love your own glory, and my repose.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXV

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

If you was not the most noble of creatures, sir, I should be the most abject. If you had not the most humane of Souls, the most compassionate of hearts, would it have been to you that I should have chosen to confess my shame and my despair? But alas! what remains for me to fear? why should I pause? Every thing to me is lost.

It is not the loss of my liberty, of my rank, of my country, that I now deplore: they are not the inquietudes of an innocent tenderness that now draw tears from me: it is the violation of good faith, it is love despised that rends my soul. *Aza* is unfaithful! *Aza unfaithful!* What power have those fatal words over my soul!—My blood is frozen—a torrent of tears.—

I learned from the *Spaniards* to know misfortunes: but the last is the most sensible of all their strokes. It is they that have robbed me of *Aza's* heart, it is their cruel religion that renders me odious in his eyes. That religion approves, it ordains infidelity, perfidy, ingratitude: but it forbids the love of one's near relations. If I was a stranger, unknown, *Aza* might love me: but, being united to him by the ties of blood, he must abandon me, he must take away my life without shame, without regret, without remorse.

Alas! contradictory as this religion is, if nothing had been necessary but to embrace it, in order to recover the good it had deprived me of, I could have submitted my mind to its illusions, without corrupting my heart by its principles. In the bitterness of my soul, I demanded to be instructed in it. My tears were not regarded. I cannot be admitted into a society

ciety so pure, without abandoning the motive which determines me to desire it——without renouncing my love, that is to say, without changing my existence

This extreme severity, I must confess, struck me with awe at the same time that my heart revolted against it I cannot refuse a sort of veneration to laws that kill me But is it in my power to adopt them ? And if I should adopt them, what advantage would result from it ? *Aza* loves me not Oh, wretch that I am !—

The cruel *Aza* has preserved nothing of the candour of our manners, except that respect for truth of which he makes so cruel an usage Seduced by the charms of a young *Spaniard*, ready to be united with her, he consented to come into *France* only to disengage himself from the faith he had sworn to me, and to leave me without any doubt of his real sentiments. only to restore to me a liberty which I detest, or rather, to take away my life

Yes, it is in vain that he restores me to myself ; my heart is with him, and will be so till death

My life belongs to him let him take it from me—but, let him love me ——

You knew my misfortune Why then did you only half inform me of it ? Why did you give me room for suspicions only, which made me unjust to you ? Alas ! why do I impute this to you as a crime ? I should not have believed you blind and prepossess'd, I should have fled to meet my fatal destiny, have conducted her victim to my rival, and have now been—O ye Gods, save me from this horrible image !

Deterville too generous friend ! am I worthy to be heard ? Am I worthy of your pity ? Forget my injustice lament a wretch whose esteem for you is still superior to her weakness for an ingrate.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at MALTA.

BY your complaining of me, Sir, I know you are ignorant of the state from which I am just drawn by the cruel cares of *Celina*. How could I write to you? I thought no more. If any sentiment had remained in me, doubtless it would have been that of confidence in you. But environed by the shadows of death, the blood frozen in my veins, I was a long time ignorant of my own existence. I forgot even my misfortunes. Why, O ye Gods, in calling me back to life, have you also recalled to me that fatal remembrance?

He is gone! I shall see him no more! He flies me, he does not love me, he has told me so every thing with regard to me is at an end. He takes another wife, and honour condemns him to abandon me. It is well cruel *Aza*! Since the fantastic humour of *Europe* has charms for thee, why dost thou not also imitate the art that accompanies it?

Happy *French* women you too are betray'd: but you long enjoy that error which would now be my only good. I am killed by the mortal blow while it is only preparing for you. Fatal sincerity of my nation, dost thou cease then to be a virtue? Courage, firmness, are you then crimes when occasion so requires?

Thou hast seen me at thy feet, barbarous *Aza*, thou hast seen those feet bathed with my tears—and thou art fled—Horrible moment! why does not this remembrance deprive me of life?

If my body had not sunk under the weight of my grief, *Aza* should not have triumph'd over my weakness—he should not have gone alone. I would have followed thee, ingrate, I would have seen thee, I would have died at least before thy eyes.

Deterville, what fatal weakness has removed you
to

to such a distance from me ! You would have succoured me what the disorder of my despair could not have done your reason, capable to persuade, would have obtained perhaps *Aza* might still have been here But, Oh Gods ! already arrived in *Spain* at the height of his blfs !—useless regrets, fruitless despair, boundless grief overwhelm me !

Seek not, fir, to surmount the obstacles which retain you at *Malta* in order to return hither, What would you do here ? Fly a wretch who is no longer sensible of your kindness, who is a torment to herself, and wishes only to die

L F T T E R XXXVII

TAKE courage again, too generous friend I would not write to you till my days were in safety, and till, less agitated myself, I could calm your inquietudes I live fate will have it so, and I submit to the laws of destiny

The cares of your amiable sister restored my health, and some returns of reason have supported it The certainty that my misfortune is without remedy, has done the rest. I know that *Aza* is arrived in *Spain*, and that his crime is compleat my grief is not extinct, but the cause of it is no longer worthy of my regret. If any regret now remains in my heart, it is due only for the pains I have caused you, for my error, for the wandrings of my reason.

Alas ! in proportion as this reason enlightens me, I discover its impotence What power has it in a desolate soul ? The excess of grief throws us back to the weakness of Childhood As in that first age, so in this, objects only have power over us, the sight seems to be the only sense that has an intimate communication with the soul. of this I have had woful experience

As I recovered from the long and senseless lethargy into which I was plunged by the departure of *Aza*, the first desire that nature inspired me with, was to retire into that solitude which I owe to your providential goodness. It was not without difficulty that I obtained leave of *Celina* to be conducted thither. There I found helps against despair, which neither the world nor friendship itself, could ever afford me. In your sister's house, even her conversation could never prevail over the objects which incessantly renewed in my mind the perfidy of *Aza*.

The door by which *Celina* brought him into my chamber on the day of your departure and his arrival, the seat on which he sat, the place in which he denounced my misery, and restored me my letters, even the remembrance of his shadow on the wainscot, where I had observed the proportions of it, all gave every day fresh wounds to my heart.

Here I see nothing but what recalls the agreeable ideas I received at the first sight of the place. I find nothing but the image of your friendship, and that of your amiable sister.

If the remembrance of *Aza* presents itself to my mind, it is under the same aspect which I then beheld him. I think myself wanting for his arrival. I give way to this illusion as long as it is agreeable to me. If it quits me, I have recourse to books, and read greedily at the first. Insensibly new ideas veil over the horrid truth that environs me, and, at the end, give some relaxation to my sorrow.

Shall I confess that the sweets of liberty sometimes present themselves to my imagination, and that I listen to them? Amused by agreeable objects, their propriety has charms which forces me to relish them. I confide in my own taste, and rely but little on my reason. I give way to my weaknesses, and combat those of my heart only by indulging to those of my mind. The maladies of the soul will not bear violent remedies.

Perhaps

Perhaps the fastidious decency of your nation does not permit to one of my age that independency and solitude in which I live whenever *Celina* comes to see me, she at least endeavours to persuade me so, but she has not yet given me sufficient reasons to convince me that I am to blame. True decency is in my heart. It is not to the image of virtue that I pay homage, but to virtue itself. I will always take her for the judge and guide of my actions. To her will I consecrate my life, and to friendship my heart. Alas! when will it have the undivided and uninterrupted possession and sway?

L E T T E R XXXVIII, and last.

To the Chevalier Deterville, at P A R I S.

IT was a'most at the same time, sir, that I read the news of your departure from *Malta*, and that of your arrival at *Paris*. Whatever the pleasure will be that I shall taste at seeing you again, it cannot overcome my concern occasioned by the billet you wrote to me at your arrival.

How, *Deterville*, after having taken upon you to dissemble your sentiments in all your letters, after having given me room to hope that I should no longer have a passion that afflicts me to combat, do you deliver yourself up more than ever to its violence?

To what purpose do you affect a deference towards me, which you contradict at the same instant? You ask leave to see me, you assure me of a blind submission to my will, and yet you endeavour to convince me of sentiments the most opposite to such a submission. This gives me displeasure, and, I assure you, I shall never approve of such conduct.

But since a false hope seduces you, since you give a wrong turn to my confidence, and the state of my soul,

soul, it is proper I should tell you what are my resolutions, which are not to be shaken like yours

You flatter yourself in vain that you shall cause my heart to be put on new chains. The treachery of another does not disengage me from my oaths. Would to heaven it could make me forget the ingrate but, if I could forget him, yet, true to my self, I would not be perjured. The cruel *Aza* abandons a good that was dear to him his rights over me are not the less sacred. I may be healed of my passion, but never can have any except for him. All the sentiments that friendship inspires are yours, and I shall be faithful to them. You shall enjoy my confidence and sincerity in the same degree, and both shall be without bounds. All the lively and delicate sentiments, which love has discovered in my heart, shall turn to the advantage of friendship. I will let you see, with equal openness of soul, my regret that I was not born in *France*, and my invincible inclination towards *Aza* how grateful it would have been to me that I had owed to you the advantage of thinking, and my eternal acknowledgment to him who procured me that blessing. We will read in each others souls confidence as well as love, can give rapidity to time: there are a thousand ways to make friendship instructing, and banish from it all satiety.

You shall give me some knowledge of your arts and sciences, and, in so doing, taste the pleasure of superiority. I will make reprisal on you, by discovering virtues in your heart which you did not know to be there. You shall adorn my mind with what may render it amusing, and enjoy the fruit of your own work. I will endeavour to make the native charms of simple friendship agreeable to you, and shall find myself happy in succeeding.

Celina, by dividing her love betwixt us, shall throw that gaiety into our conversations which they might otherwise want. What more shall we have to desire?

Your

Your fears that solitude may be hurtful to my health are groundless. Believe me, *Duterrville*, solitude is never dangerous but through idleness. Continually employed, I can strike out to myself new pleasures from every thing that action would else render insipid.

Without searching deep into the secrets of nature, is not the simple examination of its wonders sufficient to vary and renew incessantly occupations that are always agreeable? Does life itself suffice to acquire a slight, but interesting knowledge of the universe, of what surrounds me, and of my own existence?

The pleasure of being that forgotten, unknown pleasure to so many mortals, this thought so sweet, this happiness so pure, *I am, I live, I exist*. is alone enough to convey bliss, if we remember it, if we enjoy it, if we know the value of it.

Come, *Duterrville*, come, and learn of me to husband the resources of our souls, and the benefits of nature. Renounce those tumultuous sentiments, the imperceptible destroyers of our being. Come, and learn to know innocent and durable pleasures—come, and enjoy them with me. You shall find in my heart, in my friendship, in my sentiments, all that is wanting to indemnify you for the loss of love.

The E N D.

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